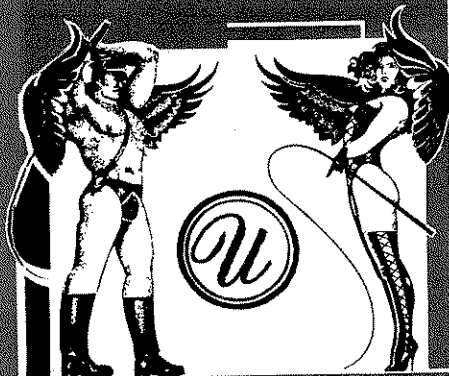




The

SandMUtopian Guardian

Issue 18

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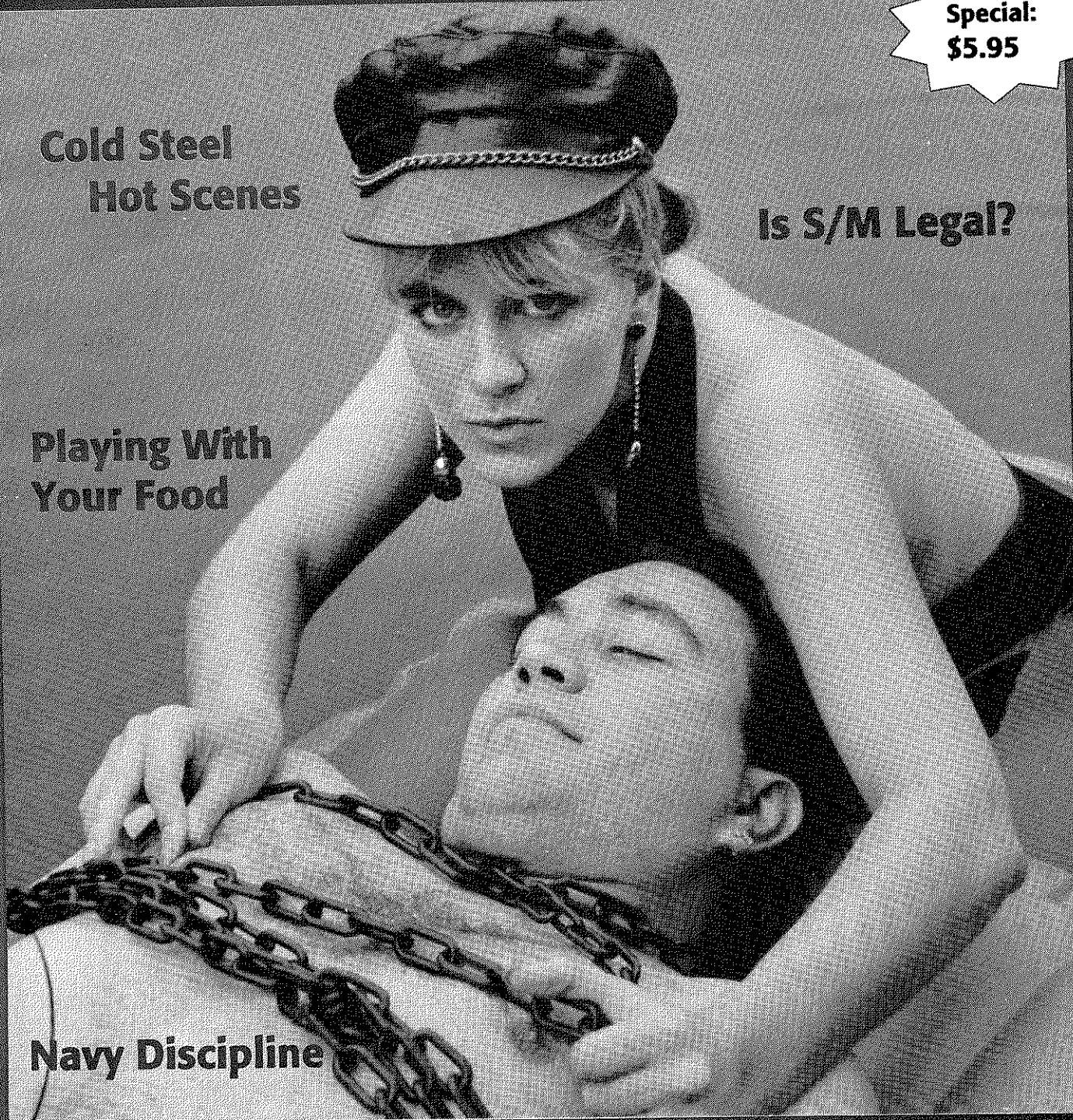
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The SandMUtopian Guardian



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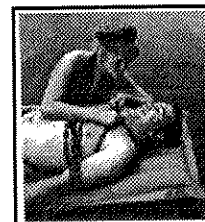
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About the Cover - "Water Sports" - (Photo by Jay Cerone)

We took Diva and Ron to a lake in Upstate New York, "chained him" to an inflatable raft with her in charge, and set the stage for trust-me. Would she push him out to the center of the lake with no way back? Would she dunk him, raft and all? We all had fun with the situation. It was a gray day with intermittent showers, heightening the sense of "peril."

Summer can be a fun time for S/M outdoors. If a lake isn't handy, try this in the backyard pool. If you have a wooded area accessible that is private, try tree-hugging with rope or chain to secure the hugger for the duration of the "torture." A children's playground late at night can be the setting for some "monkey-business" on the monkey bars, or the see-saw ... or the slide. The A-Frame of the swings also does nicely as a bondage frame. Use your imagination. You can't spell s-u-m-m-e-r without S and M!



GUIDELINES:

The *SandMUTopian Guardian* hopes to inform its readers on a wide variety of topics. Articles that comment on techniques or equipment will sometimes refer to the following classification system:

G General Readership

A Advanced or Experienced players

X "Don't try this at home!"

M Moderately Experienced.

E Esoteric or Special Interest

-- Not for Everyone

Message from The Publishers

We thought *The SandMUtopia Guardian* was too important to lose, so we bought it!

This issue, #18 is the first issue of *The Guardian* under the stewardship of a new editorial "We." It's an editorial "Us," actually, since we are two. We're the "Adam and Gillian" of Adam's and Gillian's Sensual Whips and Toys. He's Mitch and she's Gerrie.

We first discovered *The Guardian* at "The Moose," a noted NY Leather emporium, in 1988 when we were just starting out. We immediately ordered a set of back issues (#1-5), and a subscription. As our whips business grew, we became advertisers as well (#7). We found we could tell when an issue of *The Guardian* hit the stands ... our mail box would fill up with catalog requests and inquiries.

Then came the San Francisco Earthquake and the sale of Desmodus to RoB of Amsterdam. Gradually, our *Guardian* floods of mail receded. By issue #17, the deluge had become a trickle. When, as advertisers, we were informed that publication of *The Guardian* was "suspended" and we were offered space in another Desmodus publication, we concluded that somebody had to do something -- and soon!

Buying the magazine was, therefore, much more a sentimental and emotional decision than a business judgement. *The Guardian* had meant a lot to us ... and to many others — and we just couldn't allow it to perish, or to be passed on to another publisher who might be more concerned with the bottom line than we care to be.

OF UTOPIAS AND UTOPIAN NETWORKS

The Magazine's founder and first Editor, Tony DeBlase, sometimes wrote about his ideal state of affairs which he called "SandM Utopia." He would make reference to this vision of a metaphorical realm of safety, freedom and pleasure. Much of *The Guardian*'s vitality and direction seem to have come from that Utopia. The magazine's history of commitment to printing Factual, Practical, and Pansexual material seems to have Utopian roots.

We are going to try very hard to be faithful to that original vision, knowing that every person's Utopia is different from every other person's.

WHAT DO A PAIR OF WHIPMAKERS KNOW ABOUT UTOPIAS?

At roughly the same time as Tony DeBlase was imagining SandMutopia in *The Guardian*, we were working to create an Electronic Community of Sexually Extreme People in what became the first openly Sexual and S/M-friendly electronic Bulletin Board System in the FidoNet — Utopian Quest (node 107/269) and The Utopian Network (107/169). In fact, the "xxx/n69" designation for FidoNet adult boards started when the then-coordinator of our region

decided that "two-six-nine or NOT to six-nine" was his best witticism in a long time. To this day, I think the Net's acceptance of an out-and-open sexual BBS in 1985, had more to do with his joke than approval of unconventional sex or Utopianism.

Outside of our electronic publishing adventure, between the two of us we have done almost all of the jobs that go into putting together a magazine. That we've never done all of them at once, top to bottom, (so to speak), would have been far more daunting were it not for the support, encouragement and practical help we've gotten from subscribers, customers of Adam & Gillian's, advertisers, other publishers, and contributors. Not letting THEM down is a motivation to try to do this thing right.

We should make a special mention of the fair and friendly way Bear Dog of Brush Creek Media, our distributor, materialized like a Messenger of Special Providence to remove two stumbling blocks from our paths. Then, how can we not express our deepest appreciation to Martijn and Mark at Desmodus and Harold Cox at *Checkmate* (which will now incorporate Desmodus' *DungeonMaster*) for their kindnesses.

WHAT YOU CAN EXPECT FROM US IN THE FUTURE

Our goal is to continue *The Guardian*'s tradition of Practical, Factual, Pansexual content, and of being a magazine read "with both hands," (unless you're taking notes). We want it to be a source of useful information rather than arousing pictures and stories. (Although some of us find hardware stores and leather shoppes pretty stimulating!)

Our first priority is to get *The Guardian* back on a regular quarterly publishing schedule. From there we plan to grow in size before we increase in frequency. We will be trying to attract new visions and new voices.

We're consciously trying to develop a wide range of topics, points of view and presentations. And we will be paying for articles and illustrations — not lavishly, but respectably. Just write for the Guidelines.

Our advertisers are important, not only as a source of much-needed revenue, but also as a repository of excellent information. We will be printing product information releases, and articles that may come uncomfortably close to being InfoMercials. For balance, we'll also be carrying Do It Yourself information, so readers can experiment on their own.

We welcome your ideas, suggestions, comments, criticisms and contributions. Write a Letter to the Editor. Write an op-ed piece and we will try to find space for it.

Our vision of Utopia is an inclusive one; our definition is that it is not a place, but a direction. C'mon along — it's gonna be a great ride!

Gerrie & Mitch

We all heard it. We shouldn't play with our food. Well, they lied to us about a bunch of other things that turned out to be a lot of fun ... so, here goes.

Scenes involving food are done for a great many reasons, and "food" is sometimes the only common element. They may be as serious as a communion ritual or as rowdy and playful as a food fight. They may provide sensual ecstasy for a blindfolded bottom, or serious humiliation, or just a fun piggy mess for everybody. Hopefully, each reader can find something in this smorgasbord to enjoy, or inspire their own ideas.

HELPLESSNESS

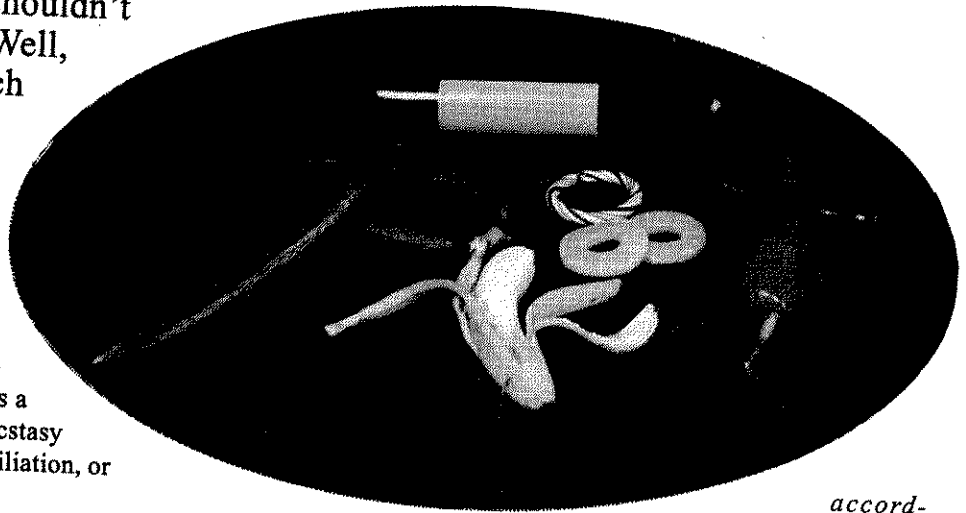
Simply being fed by someone else involves power. A decadent emperor being fattened by a pretty slave, one grape at a time. A submissive begging scraps beneath the Mistress' dinner table. Feeding or being fed is power play.

Being fed can emphasize the helplessness of bondage more than any amount of struggling, probably by triggering memories of infancy when we were truly powerless. At the same time, the feeder can be very nurturing. While this makes feeding a natural part of "adult baby" roleplay, the emotional triggers go far beyond any one sort of scene. Warm, loving and overwhelmingly powerful is not a bad thing for a Top to be.

Actual eating of the food items may have nothing to do with how the scene works. Ann describes one scene she saw where a dozen eggs were set out on a chair with a lattice or meshwork seat. The bottom had to brace herself with her arms so as to sit lightly on the eggs without crushing them. A second bottom was bound face up on the floor under the chair! A wickedly clever endurance trial, and a great way to punish two slaves for a joint misdeed.

HUMILIATION

I hate to use this word, because it seems to mean something different to every player, whether they do it or not. But some of the games played with food involve humiliation



Playing With Your Food

by Conrad Hodson

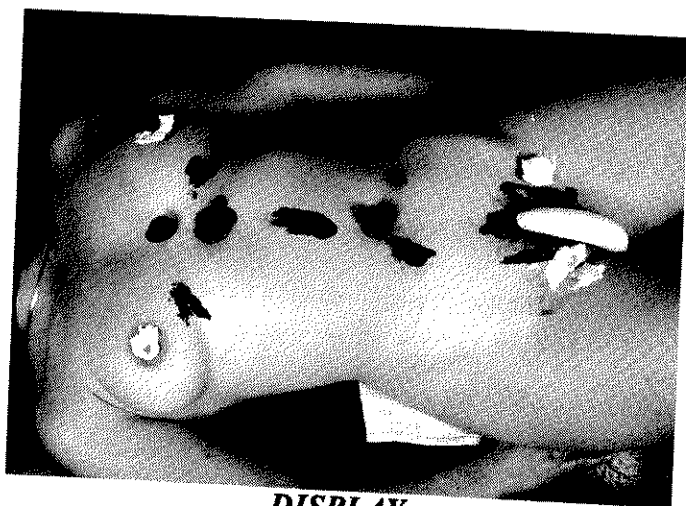
according to the participants, so I'll include them here. Erotic Embarrassment is one thing many people would include as humiliation play. In a scene from the movie, "The Punishment of Anne," (based on the '50's French classic novel, *L'Image*), two dominants take a submissive woman to an outdoor cafe, and very coolly reach under the table to tuck olives from their salads into her cunt. No one else can really see what's going on, but the young woman seems terribly embarrassed and is put to a real test of submissive self-control. I once saw a woman use a medium-sized sausage as a dildo on her partner, first vaginally, then for deep-throat practice. Finally she forced her to eat, it. The scene was done in a crowded public dungeon space; the bottom was blushing and showed every sign of being both hot and embarrassed.

Sausages come in handy phallic shapes, and as long as there is nothing scratchy about the casing (look out for the ends) they are generally very smooth and ready to use. For vegetarians, the produce shelves are almost as good, and I've heard fun discussions from groups of X-rated gourmets. Obviously, watch out for bristles on things like cucumbers, and sharp ends should be rounded off things like carrots. One professional dominant particularly recommends Japanese eggplants (they are slender and tapered and very smooth.) Don't put anything up the ass that you can't keep hold of!

Watch out for spicy heat. Don't insert anything into the body, especially the ass, that you can't stand to hold in your own mouth for a while. Mucous membranes are delicate, and a lot more fun when they're kept in good shape!

Something that has been up the ass can transfer nasty infections to another orifice like the mouth or vagina. It's extremely humiliating to some people to make them eat or suck something that's been used that way. To do it safely, just put a condom on the fruit or sausage or whatever before using it anally, and strip it off while moving it to the new hole. This can be done very quickly, and without the bottom knowing, if you're playing that kind of mindfuck game. Multiple condoms layered onto the dildo can add more options for such back-and-forth transfers. (A condom on each end of a breadstick, for instance, allows you to practice "roll reversal")

Many tops like to confront a bottom with the fluid evidence of the bottom's arousal or climax, and this is perfectly safe as long as the fluid is consumed only by the person it came from. I once saw a scene where a slave-boy was most thoroughly milked out over a bowl of salad; the bowl was served to him at dinner complete with the "dressing" he had provided. None of these scenes leave the slightest room for denial of sexuality; this is their psychological strong point and, perhaps a hazard. If denial is present, is it a mere prissy remnant of old inhibitions? Blowing away this sort of denial on a regular basis is just good training, desensitization work on a prejudice. For a few people, their denial is the only way they can cope with the reality of their situation, and breaking this kind of denial is about as responsible as puncturing a condom or a life raft. Be sure you know the difference! This means, generally, knowing the bottom well, and even then, proceeding with care.



DISPLAY

Food scenes can be very showy. For those of us who enjoy public play, they can turn into the life of the party. Even in private play, decorating someone's body with whipped cream or chocolate sauce is an attention grabber; and having a play partner who really catches your attention is a fine thing. Public or private, it's just *unusual* enough to add interest. Done with artistic flair, you can create the hottest-looking scene since Mickey Rourke cleaned out his refrigerator all over Kim Basinger.

A human body makes a really fun buffet platter for a party. Just remember not to serve anything hot directly on bare skin -- heat that just stings a little can build up to a very dangerous burn over time. Put a cutting board under anything that needs carving with a sharp knife, or just slice it in advance. Remember, *you* may be very skilled with knife play, but all kinds of people may be serving themselves at this buffet! Finally, make sure the food won't spill off from the bottom's breathing, fidgeting, or laughing. Whole apples roll off -- slice them and they'll stay put. Any serving dishes used should have broad bases and be unbreakable, just in case.

PLUCKING

Some food has to be torn loose before eating. If the food is attached to someone in just the right way, serving the food turns into an SM scene. The trick is to match the pull that's right for the SM activity with the pull needed to detach the piece of food. Think it through.

Hang a bunch of seedless grapes on the chain connecting a pair of strong nipple clamps, and help yourself. It may take a couple of tries to get the right sort of clamps and pressure. Tying the bottom's hands may be a good idea. At a party, I like to include a sign saying, "Free grapes --help yourselves!" Other foods take more of a pull. A cluster of bananas hang well from a parachute or ball stretcher -- the weight and pull are about right for medium cock & ball games.

FROSTING ON THE COCK

My apologies for this groaner of a heading, but my lady insisted on including so many in the text.

She reports that canned cake frosting is a wonderful thing to slather thickly on a cock. When applied thickly enough to require a *lot* of licking and sucking to remove, it can be a wonderful treat, even for the guy who doesn't get to eat any of it. She insists (again, my apologies) that this allows her to have her cock and eat it too. Since it is canned, she can always have some of the frosting available "in case something comes up."

HOT FUDGE SATURDAY NIGHT

Many people enjoy giving and receiving the sensations of hot wax, often with ice or other cold things for contrast. A lot fewer enjoy the cleanup -- wax is hard to remove from hair and clothing, damned hard to get out of carpet, and a slippery menace on a smooth hard floor.

We have solved this problem. If chocolate is melted and dripped hot, the cleanup can actually be fun. The tempera-

ture contrast can be something cold and tasty, like ice cream. This is great for bringing friends and spectators into a scene in a friendly and constructive way.

Bondage is a good idea, since your serving dish may struggle. Even tough and stoic bottoms who might endure heat and cold in silence can crack when four or five tongues are enjoying a hot fudge sundae off their tender parts and tickle zones. The best position is bound face up into a sling, or either side up on a table or mattress. If a webbing-mesh sling is used, stimulation can be given from below as well. (This scene goes very well in combination with all sorts of sensory and texture play.)

WARNING: *Different sorts of chocolate melt at different temperatures. Tops should make test drips on their own skin before using the chocolate on anyone else. Falling drops of chocolate don't cool as fast as wax, so you may need to drop them from a greater height. Try it on yourself and you'll know.*

These scenes can turn into the life of a party. Several months ago we covered a lovely young dancer with hot melted truffles and frozen strawberries while she was bound into a sling, and a third of the party guests must have helped themselves before we were done. After an hour or so she looked like she was wearing a fancy bathing suit in Brown Tongue Swirl pattern, the organizer of the party had chocolate all over his leathers, and everyone was having a wonderful time. I was still finding chocolate on my Violet Wand weeks later.

FURTHER SENSATION PLAY

Remember the big long licorice whips they sold when we were kids? Kris Asber makes them live up to their name. She takes the thin ones, maybe half a package, braids a handle with the ends, and has a licorice cat.

She says some kinds of licorice last better than others, so shop around. Snack on the fragments, of course, but if the whip has hit any scratched or broken skin, only the bottom should eat it. Licorice lashes are heavy and grabby -- almost like rubber, but of course not as durable.

Ice Bretts points out that foods with chili oil and other hot stuff can make hot tingles on the skin as well as in the mouth. Even more interesting, licking makes the target area *hotter* the longer it goes on. If used for skin sensation play, remember that these sensations may last for hours -- no safe-word! Some hot sauces may damage latex gloves and condoms, so test first if you'll be working on an area that calls for barriers. (Plastic wrap and the new polyurethane condoms, including the female condom, are oilproof and should

pose no problems.) When trying this one, remember a little chili goes a long, long way. We recommend sevicehe, spicy guacamole and vegetarian chili as favorites for this play.

SAFETY AND COURTESY

Food play is generally quite safe, as long as the common sense you would apply to other play is used. I have tried to cover safety issues as they came up, in discussing particular kinds of scenes. One general rule worth mentioning: don't put food to be eaten by others on raw or broken skin! Scratches, nicks, zits can be covered with a bit of tape or plastic wrap during setup.

Quite a few people have food allergies, and many others have violent prejudices, so negotiation should include a question or two about those issues. Often, you will already know; most people with allergies or dietary obsessions talk about them.

As a matter of courtesy and convenience as much as safety, when setting up a food scene think about spreading a tarp or bedsheet or whatever to protect the floor around the scene. You will also need a way to clean up the messy bottom before he/she has to dress to go home -- and scenes like the melted chocolate one can leave a chocolate ring around the bathtub! If no bathing facilities will be available, consider providing something old and washable for the bottom to wear home, such as sweatshirt and pants.

It should not be necessary to mention that anyone who makes this much of a mess away from home should clean it up very carefully. Your hosts will appreciate it --and you might even be invited back!

Another safety issue is actually a benefit, not a risk. Good play burns a lot more energy than the players may realize at the time. We had a case in our area a few years ago where a Top did a total bondage job -- real immobility -- and then passed out cold! She was hypoglycemic, and had forgotten to snack often enough in the excitement of play. This was not a party; they were alone, and the bottom spent several very scary hours wondering whether her friend was alive or dead, when (or if) they would ever be found, etc.. A snack would have prevented this.

If only they'd been playing with their food!

Conrad, and his partner of 28 years, Margaret, live in Oregon. They have been SM players since 1972, and feel strongly that no one should have to take as long as they did to find out how SM really works. He believes strongly in civil liberties, pan-sexual play, and the two-party system, except when a three-day weekend allows for more.

Consent as a Defense to Assault:

Sadomasochism and the Law

by Stephen

With the current focus on the Spanner decision in England, and the legality of SM in England, what seems to have been obscured is the fact that the legality of SM within the United States is still questionable, at best. Some forms of SM are labeled criminal assault in any jurisdiction whose courts have considered the problem. Even if it is done behind closed doors as part of marital sex practices, one partner can be arrested and convicted without the cooperation of the alleged "victim".

What follows are the results of my investigation into appellate law on the use of consent as a defense to assault. The consent defense for assault is to the SM community what sodomy laws are to the gay and lesbian community. And the general view of the legal system is much less favorable towards the consent defense to assault than it is towards sodomy laws nationwide.

I should make it clear at the beginning that I am severely restricting the scope of this inquiry. I will not be discussing all sadomasochistic practices, but only those which could be deemed criminal assault. This article will not address possible civil actions for assault. Nor am I discussing other meth-

ods used to criminalize SM, such as prostitution laws, lewd and lascivious behavior laws, public nudity and public sex laws, and obscenity laws as they apply to obscene performances.

Lastly, the most important determination about the legality of SM is made at the local level by the police, when deciding whether or not to investigate, and the district attorney's office, when deciding whether or not to prosecute.

As far as laws on the books are concerned, the definition of criminal assault varies from state to state. The availability of consent as a defense to assault also varies. Despite a wide range of statutory language and options regarding the consent defense, when the courts interpret the law they have consistently held that consent is not a defense to non-sexual assault.¹

Most jurisdictions have separated assault into at least two different levels. Behavior that does not threaten or result in "serious bodily injury" is treated as a lesser offense than that which causes "serious bodily injury". The definition of serious bodily injury is typically, "bodily injury which creates a substantial risk of death or which causes serious, permanent disfigurement, or protracted loss or impairment of the function of any bodily member or organ."² When serious bodily harm is involved, consent is available only in limited circumstances, such as medical practice, athletic contests, lawful sports or professions.³

When the harm caused or threatened is not serious, the consent defense is much more likely to be available. Sometimes the lack of consent is an element of the assault. Battery is defined in Louisiana as being, "without the consent of the victim."⁴ Absent such language one could argue

Disposing of Two Myths

Frequently, when discussing the legality of SM, I run into two lines of reasoning as to why SM *couldn't* be illegal:

The first is that the consensuality of the act between adults makes it inherently legal. As my article points out, this *isn't* true for SM.

The second idea is that there exists some sort of "consenting adult" law on the books that makes all sexual acts between consenting adults legal. While I hear this from people in Oregon and elsewhere, by far the majority of those people with this belief are Californian. Unfortunately, the law they reference doesn't help us.

In 1975 then-Governor Brown signed AB 489 (popularly known as the "consenting adults" law). What this law did was reform the oral and anal sodomy statutes, adding consent as a defense for those acts. The act had no effect on the assault statutes.

However, people heard the name "consenting adult law" and didn't look at the underlying bill. California is actually one of the states where SM has been specifically declared *illegal* on by the state supreme court, in a case decided after the so-called "consenting adults law" went into effect.

- S

that lack of consent is a "material element" of non-serious assault, where the statutory harm or evil sought to be prevented by assault is non-consensual or "offensive" touching. Finally, even where that is not the case, many jurisdictions provide a general consent defense which applies to assault. To be of use, the consent must be effective, and frequently the actor is required to have *actual* consent, reasonable but mistaken consent being no defense. As in all cases where the statutes are unclear, the courts are given the task of determining whether the defense applies to assault. Courts in that circumstance have almost always chosen to disallow the use of consent as a defense to assault, using one of the two following rationales:

In *State v. Fransua*,⁵ the victim gave a gun to the defendant and said that if the defendant wanted to shoot him then he should, "go ahead." The defendant did so. The Supreme Court of New Mexico held that the legislature creates assault laws for two reasons: first to protect its citizens, and second to avoid breaches of the public peace. Despite the consent of the victim, this was a breach of public peace, and so was still a criminal act.

In *People v. Samuels*,⁶ the California Supreme Court took judicial notice that no sane person would want to be caused pain.

(Judicial notice is used by a judge to use a fact in the case that is so obvious, that no reasonable person would disagree about it.)

That being the case, the masochist in such an interaction would be insane and incapable of giving meaningful consent.⁷ This reasoning criminalizes all SM that induces pain, by dismissing out of hand the sanity of the individual volunteering to receiving pain.

It is questionable whether or not that case is still good law. The most recent edition of the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual, (IV), which is the bible of insanity for psychological professionals in the United States, has removed sadism and masochism from their list of mental disorders.⁸ It is only considered a disorder if it causes the person, "clinically significant distress or impairment."⁹ In this way, the American Psychological Association has done for sadomasochism in the '90's what they did for homosexuality in the '70's. Perhaps this change will prompt California to decriminalize sadomasochism between consenting adults. It is more likely however that should the reasoning given in *Samuels* prove no longer tenable, they would fall back on the "breach of public peace" rationale that almost all other jurisdictions have adopted to prevent consent from being a defense.

All jurisdictions aside from California (and Ohio who followed California's lead) who have approached this problem, use the same the reasoning as *Fransua*. Currently a

total of nineteen states have case law stating that consent is not an acceptable defense for assault.¹⁰ Augmenting the rationale given in *Fransua*, sometimes the court argues that as criminal matters are crimes against society, the consent of society would be needed for assault not to be criminal rather than the consent of the victim.¹¹

Given the wide range of statutory language that the states have on the consent defense, and the substantial number of states which allow consent as a defense to assault, one might expect to find a balancing of cases between courts which have allowed consent as a defense, and courts that have not. If not that, then with the clear language of many statutes that consent is a defense to simple but not aggravated assault, one might expect to have cases on both sides of the line, defining the boundary between aggravated and simple assault. Such expectations would lead only to disappointment. Attempts to find cases which allow consent as a defense, for whatever reasons, are not met with much success.

Only two appellate cases have found that consent was sufficient as a defense to assault, both of which were decided in the 19th century, and neither of which is of use today. *Vanvactor v. State*¹² involved a student voluntarily consenting to punishment by a teacher to avoid expulsion. *State v. Beck*¹³ involved a thief requesting that his victim whip him
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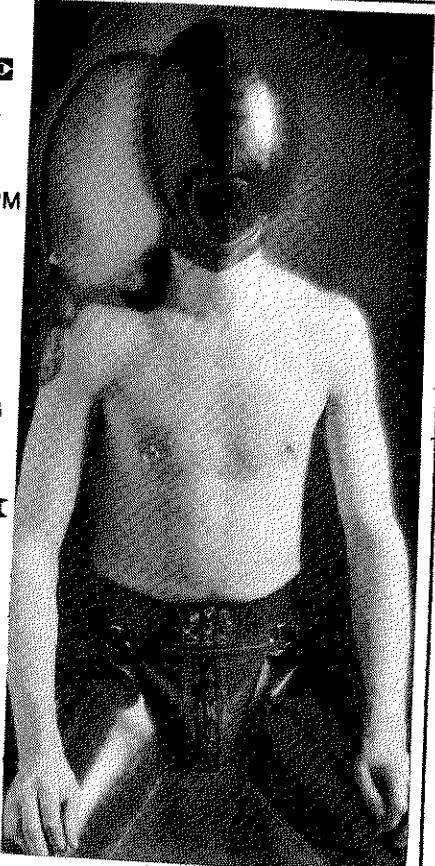


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The New Brand

by Laura Antoniou

The mirror is positioned by my side as I sit at the computer. All I need to do is glance over my left shoulder and there they are - two sets of raised wings, one faded into a beige crest of raised and mottled flesh, paling against my natural skin tone, the other a dark, angry crinkled mass of scar tissue, wrinkling up as it dries, waiting for me to rip it off and expose the pale, blood spotted skin beneath it.

One is three years old. The other is one week and three days. They are brands.

Branding is perhaps one of the most misrepresented body modification acts in SM literature. I clearly recall the branding scene in *The Story of O*, even to the dimensions of the marks - three inches in height, half that in thickness, and nearly half an inch deep.

I look at mine - yes, it's about three inches long. But the width, at the time of the branding? I measure my old brand with the ruler on the desk. The part that touched me is less than 1/16 of an inch. The finished, old brand, spread to a width of 1/4" - the new one is just slightly less than that. It looks like it might spread a little more. The depth of each brand - except for one strike - was about an eighth of an inch, if I recall. The depth was the first thing to blur on the new one, and I never measured the first. I was too busy caring for it, ruining it, and caring for it again.

Funny how they never mentioned "O" doing that. Maybe one of the other babes took care of her brands, huge and impossible as they were. The "S" must have been especially ugly over time, as the curves filled in to make blotches on her rear end.

But she's a character. I look over my shoulder and see the real thing and it makes me tremble with a delicious joy. They look so *cool*.



I got the first because Raelyn needed someone to burn. Well, that's not exactly true; I'm sure she had other volunteers. But when I got the call - Raelyn is coming, we need someone to take a brand, it was almost automatic for me to say "yes." Raelyn had done my big cutting, executing a splendid rose on my shoulder with that casual pleasure that made the entire event energizing and empowering for me. If she needed a body for a demonstration, she could sure as hell have mine. But what to do?

It had been only a short time ago that my period in service had ended. I was at a limbo period in my life, wondering about things like orientation, my future, my dreams and goals. I knew, somehow, that a part of my life was beginning to close - not only in a close and emotional sense, but in my public participation in "leather community" events. It was all closing, not only behind me, but around me, and I was doing some study on life changes to try and ease myself through it. As the time for the demo approached, I still hadn't a single idea about what I was willing to have burned into my flesh.

The day Raelyn called to ask me about the design, I had been flipping through an illustrated book by Joseph Campbell, and my eyes fell upon a sand painting. Along the borders were small silhouettes of birds in flight - you know, the little squiggles kids put in their drawings. These were placed at the four cardinal points along the border of the painting, and the text revealed them to be messengers, carrying prayers - and sometimes souls - to various destinies.

Sounded good to me. It could act as a symbolic ritual to mark the end of one leg of my journey, and point the way to

the next. It also fit the guidelines that I had been given - simple, not too wide, and able to be recognized after the brand spread. When I met Raelyn, I drew her a quick sketch on a piece of cardboard, and she clipped a piece of metal and bent it to the shape I drew. Testing it against the board, it made a very slight hissing sound, and the brown card burned black and emitted a thin thread of dark smoke. Yes, that was one wing - and with a dexterous switch of sides, and some more fire applied to the brand, there was the other. Finally, the head of a nail would be used to dot the two unjoined wings at their base. In the drawing, that had been a diamond shape - the nail head would have to do. The finished brand looked lovely - graceful, simple. I nodded and went off to do a little za-zen breathing exercises, shaking out my arms and shoulders and bracing myself for the pain.

I had been told that the pain would be great. This is not something you casually say to me - my eyes have been known to light up when someone warns me like that. Also, as a masochist, I'd taken a bit of pain before. For someone to suggest that this would/could be much worse gave me that deep-in-the-pit-of-the-stomach doubt. Could I take this much?

But being in a butchy swagger mode, I refused the offer of bondage. I'd long grown out of the need for bondage to hold me still for pain. I wanted this, it was happening of my own accord. But taking Raelyn's advice, I braced myself in the wooden chair provided, wrapping my ankles around the front legs, throwing my right arm over the back and locking my fist around one of the slats. From the audience came a friend of mine, Naria, hot and butch and gleaming with anticipation - she braced her body against mine to further hold me in place, just in case the sharp pain made me leap involuntarily. Ordinarily, I might have objected. But try to make me object when a stunning butch is bracing her shoulders against me. Not bloody likely!

The torch was lit, and the brand held up for my final approval. I took one more series of deep breaths, in through the nose, out through the mouth, and nodded. I don't remember Raelyn saying anything; I only knew that the heat from the brand was arcing across from her to me, and then I felt it touch my skin.

I'm glad I had a witness right in my lap.

It's often described as a kiss - and to me, it was. A hot, searing kiss, like the kiss of a whistling cane strike. It was so pure in its intensity, so beautiful, I was at once swept from the moment and plunged into a kind of ecstasy that defies description. My head tilted back, and I let out a sort of sigh, and when I opened my eyes, the brand was gone, and the smell of my burnt flesh was all that remained. I looked down at Naria and said, softly, "I don't think I need you anymore," and heard the whistles and murmurs of the women watching.

The second one was just as good, and the nailtip was almost too swift. The whole thing was over before I knew it, and when I looked over my shoulder, there, with blackened edges, were the raised wings I had sketched. I was filled with wonder at the sight - there was an actual impression in my own flesh! I could run my finger over it - it barely hurt at all - and feel where the iron had touched! Women oohhed and aahhed, and Raelyn pressed the cooled brand into my hand; when I left, I found other friends and showed them my new acquisition.

More than a few thought I was nuts. One stranger asked me, "Whose sign is that?", meaning, "Who do you belong to?" "It's mine," I responded. Every permanent mark on my body is my own.

Years later, and I'm reading at Grand Opening, this wonderful sexuality shop in Boston. Things have changed for me - back when that brand was new, I was a newly professional writer, with two books to names not my own. Sitting down at Grand Opening, there is a standing-room-only gathering of people who have come to hear me read, to get my signature. I sign six different titles that night, and read from something new. And who should walk in but Raelyn! Hugging like the old, happy acquaintances we are, I find out that she's due back at this very store to do some cutting, piercing and branding the following weekend.



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Before the end of the evening, I'm already thinking it's time for another kiss. It's easy to see why - I've made my break from the past that was troubling me, and I've done only good for myself since. And as I sat there in Boston, there was with me a person who was symbolizing another great change for me; a leap that made the shaking free of my past seem trivial. I was planning an ordeal for her in my mind, and planning a relationship in my heart. Surely, this was worth a new mark. I'm not a believer in magic - but coincidence doesn't begin to describe some of the circumstances in my life. When I got home after that visit, I looked for the old brand - and it was in the first place I looked. I called Raelyn, and scheduled a visit.

This time, everything was different. This time, I knew what to expect. My appointment was scheduled for last, a Sunday evening moment in time after an entire weekend of body modification. I arrived a little early, just in time to see a handsome young man take the last of a series of chevrons on his outer thighs. Three men were holding him down, and he clenched his teeth and growled with almost every one. But they were so beautiful, as he was beautiful when he took them. There was good energy in the room - people with stunning tattoos and glittering piercings were watching, admiring, sharing.

This time, when I took my chair, I kept both feet on the floor and let my arm fall loose into Raelyn's lap. On my right, the girl sat, and I ran my fingers through her hair. I wanted her there to witness this, wanted her to feel what I was doing. I didn't have the words to explain to her, don't have them now - but I knew that her being there was important.

I wondered, briefly, if the first time had been a fluke. Maybe I had been so jazzed up I had not really noticed what was going on. But when Raelyn told me - this time I heard

her - that she would warn me before each strike, I smiled and nodded, and invited each one.

Oh, the purity of that biting pain. No, it's not pain - it's more like a shock, like being hit by lightning that licks through your body, to clutch at your heart before working its way down through your loins and the further down your legs until your toes curl. Yeah, just like when you come. I wiggled my toes in my boots and sighed.

So nice.

I smiled as Raelyn reversed the brand and reheated it, and this time, I kept my eyes open, so I could see Kim, sitting across from me, her own eyes wide with gleeful shock, and I sighed when the metal was taken away and felt the silky hair under my fingers and felt that all was right with the world.

And then, the final strike, the nail head. I nodded, "Ready," and Raelyn pressed it to my skin. Slowly, that electrical feeling of pleasure wound through me, and then I realized that it wasn't stopping. The nail was still in me, still wearing through my flesh, and I smelled myself burning and whispered/growled, "Oh, you bitch ...," as my head lolled back. The room seemed to reverberate with laughter and Raelyn looked a little surprised as she took the metal away, at last. That final strike was a deep one. But fine, oh, so fine.

We treated the fresh brand with a layer of aloe, and I slept deeply, feeling good about it. To my surprise the next morning, however, it had already begun to spread. My first brand stayed small and dark and deep for nearly a week - but this one wanted to flower open. Fascinated, I've been watching

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How to Mess Up Your Brand, Real Good

In my essay, I make reference to caring and not caring for a brand. My brands are body modifications, made for the purpose of lasting. I wouldn't want them to heal without scarring the way I want those singletail impact marks to eventually fade. So, instead of using an antibiotic ointment and nice, sterile, airy bandaging, I get to do exactly what mom always warned me not to do - pick at the scab.

Oh yeah, that's right. Dig in there with my fingers, grab that covering and RIP! I even get to use little tools

like nail clippers and tweezers to get the little bits my trimmed nails can't get a hold on. At first, the scab is thick and heavy, and then - as the skin stubbornly begins to heal despite my sabotage - it becomes thinner and thinner, and more translucent. You know when it's time to peel that cover off again - the brand starts itching. Whee! Go to town.

(Some people really get into "messing up" their brands. You can, for example, use a loofah on one. But I had to draw the line somewhere!)

You have to keep an eye out for infection. Burns will infect. The key is not to let it get too far. A little red

color around the edges of the brand is fine - blue, purple or black is absolutely not. A twinge of pain when someone mindlessly thumps you over the new brand is only natural. Stabbing pains when you move is time to see a doctor. Use that common sense liberally, and don't hesitate to call your brander, especially if he or she is a pro.

The first summer after my first brand, I kept it out of the sun. But a year later, the tan colored scar became darker when the rest of my body took on some sun, and it looked lovely. If your skin is sensitive to sunlight, try using a more powerful UV blocker on that area.

LA

Safewords Revisited

by: Adam Selene

The term "Safeword" is used to mean any cue, word or action, which the Top will understand to mean, "this must stop at once." These days, most people do use and respect safewords, a good deal more religiously than they use Safer Sex. Safeword use has come to be thought of as essential to "Safe, Sane, and Consensual".

It may come as a surprise to some that

1. This was not always the case.
2. There have been bitter arguments over safeword use
3. Safewords may not always be necessary
4. Safewords may not always provide safety.

If the following stories aren't as neatly illustrative of these points as one would like, it's because they are taken, unembellished, from real experiences:

I. PRIVATE AND INEXPERIENCED

The male Top and female Bottom were both rather inexperienced, and had known each other for less than a month.

On their third date, dinner at her house and "a sound thrashing" were planned.

After dinner and "a couple of drinks," he produced a video for them to watch together. Presumably this was to provide inspiration or excitation to further their own activities, later. However, the woman, "really disliked" the video and said so. The man ordered her to watch and "not take her eyes from the screen."

The woman refused. Her date began to act enraged. He screamed at her about her "impossible disobedience," and declared she needed to be punished. Throwing her across the arm of a sofa, he began to "whale away" at her bottom, full force, first with his palm, then with his belt. Soon, her pain limit was exceeded and she "wanted out." Her pleas and cries were to no avail. Breaking away from her assailant, who was 6" taller and 100 lbs. heavier than herself, she ran toward her bedroom.

Catching her by the wrists, the man dragged her back and pulled her into position. At this point the woman "was really scared" and "sort of decided" the risk of continued resistance was greater than the consequences of compliance. She resolved to survive what came next as best she could.

Suddenly, she heard the belt drop to the floor, and discovered that she was being gentled, kissed and praised for her acting ability.

Her boyfriend explained that the second time these two

had "played," she had rhapsodized about how much she would like "to see" him "angry." During the week he came up with the plan to fabricate a "disobedience" and then punish it. He explained that he had thought "the surprise" would really make it much hotter for her."

That's when *he* found out that *she* hadn't been acting at all; that she had been beyond, "just real fear of him;" she had been "in the grip of mindless terror." She had been heading for the bedroom, not to hide under the bed, but to get the loaded 9mm pistol she kept in her night-table! "Had I reached it," she said, "I probably would have killed him. "My daddy taught me to shoot and to defend myself when I was a little girl."

Now *THERE's* a "danger of S/M" that we don't usually think about!

II. PUBLIC AND EXPERIENCED

The Bottom was a strong, well padded, healthy young woman with a high pain tolerance, a cheerful acceptance of the risk of abrasions, contusions, cuts and bruises. She was also quite experienced.

The Top was also experienced -- a powerful, resolute Top, with a powerful arm and good control.

Knowing this was going to be a limit-testing scene, a heavy flogging, with no blows barred and no recriminations promised, the Top required a two-tier safeword. "Please" would signal a problem the Top would investigate and deal with; "Mercy" would end the scene for the rest of the night.

Other safety precautions were taken. The cuffs were made tight enough for support and security, but loose enough to be "slipped" if the Bottom really wanted to. This was tested. The neck and throat were protected with a collar designed for the purpose, a padded belt protected the kidneys. Padded frontal support was added to flogging frame.

The top began the scene believing that ANYTHING he dished out, short of chainsaws and 2 x 4's, was OK so long as he didn't hear a safeword. Having asked about this specific point, he felt especially secure about "laying on with a will."

An hour later, the Bottom's torso was flaming red from shoulder to hips, and liberally welted. The first bruises were beginning to appear on the shoulder blades and butt cheeks. The Top was sweat-blinded, mouth-breathing, and shaky-kneed. He also suspected that his accuracy hadn't been what it should be for at least ten minutes. But he hadn't heard so much as "please" for the past 30 minutes, although he had heard plenty of full-voiced hollering, whimpering, and occasional harsh anguished cries.

Deciding that "Tops have limits, too!" he called a

halt, releasing the restraints. The Bottom dropped slowly to the floor murmuring incoherently and kissing his boot fervently

Everything was beautiful, right? A perfect high energy, serious scene had been brought to a successful conclusion.

Not exactly!

Months later, the Top got a few unpleasant shocks. He found out that the Bottom had not bothered to tell him at the time that when fully stressed, she had what she called an "out of body experience," in which she could neither move nor speak of her own volition, and that in the stage *before* that she prided herself on simply *not* using her safeword even if she suspected she was being damaged.

Ultimately, no harm was done beyond some blue bruises, and it's highly unlikely that what **MIGHT** have happened would have been that terrible. However, what damage control there was, came from judgement and prior preparation — not from the existence of an unused safeword. With different people, different circumstances and a bit of bad luck, the consequences could have been much worse..

CONCLUSION:

So in one case, if a safeword had been in place, a serious danger could have been avoided ... if an, "I need to talk to you," kind of safeword had been in place, they might have had more fun and less distraction. - Or not. In the other case, good judgement and good fortune were the guardian angels; the safeword actually increased the risk level.

No wonder there can be so many opinions about the need for/usefulness of ... safewords.

But why? Not so long ago this question of Safewords could be highly charged, emotionally. Even among friends the discussion of "Safewords/Salvation or Subversion" could match any TV Talk Show Donnellybrook for intensity, if not downright nastiness. Safewords was a topic most safely discussed among the actual people concerned.

Here are extreme examples of two possible positions:

1: SAFEWORDS ARE INDISPENSIBLE —

BDSM-R&P-DS- S/M is essentially a dangerous activity that must be made safer.

Safewords protect both the Bottom and the Top from exceeding their agreed-upon limits by facilitating communication during a Scene.

Safewords protect Bottoms from the excessive and non-consensual activities that Tops will indulge themselves in unless controlled.

Safewords protect Tops from (also non-consensual) abandonment or revenge from resentful Bottoms whose limits have been accidentally exceeded.

The more safewords one agrees to use the better. There can be safewords that stop the scene instantly and absolutely; safewords that caution the Top that something is amiss; safewords to differentiate between difficulties with something the Top is doing (badly aimed strokes, for example) and problems independent of the Top, such as cramps or breathing problems. Caring Tops and self-respecting Bottoms may also wish to agree on safewords that signal an emotional crisis as opposed to a sensory overload.

But whichever and however many safewords are in place, they must be used and respected under any and all circumstances by each and every participant.

2. SAFEWORDS ARE ANATHEMA —

SM celebrates the control of the Submissive by the Dominant. Any scene that doesn't necessitate Police or Emergency Medical intervention is as SS&C as it needs to be.

Absolute trust and total devotion on the part of the Submissive partner combined with the expertise and judgement (not to mention Enlightened Self-Interest) of the Dominant is more than sufficient to keep it so.

Control of the scene by the Submissive is antithetical to REAL S/M. Use of safewords compels the Submissive to "Top from the Bottom," while requiring the Dominant to Obey where he or she should Command. The covert role-reversal introduced by safewords results in frustration and confusion for both partners.

Safewords cheapen and popularize the solemn mysteries of Dominance and Submission, and undermine the philosophical base of S/M, destroying the self-evident superiority of its Devotees.

You may have noticed that what at first seems to be only a division of opinion about technique and practice contains many highly charged issues around Lifestyle, Role, Relationship, and Sexual Politics.

In the mid 1980's, there were Arbiters of Dominance, who were writing and lecturing about the evils of "topping from the bottom" and the "agendas" that "pushy submissives" and "Smart-Ass Masochists" would impose on those True Dominants who were foolish, lazy or weak enough to allow infringement of their Authority. The leadership and literature of that time didn't make a great deal of allowance for the existence of "switchable" people.

Stereotypically, at that time, much S/M lovemaking took the form of Punishment Scenes. There was a great deal of drama and simulation of non-consent. After all that was pretty much the only visual or literary (porn) model available to most people. Dialog consisting of much: "No, mercy Master, don't hit me anymore, please" ... and such, was both common and aphrodisiac to many. Under those circumstances, having a neutral, clearly understood signal that the sub had really reached the point of NO MORE was not so very silly.

While the typical safewords of this period had great utility, they often lacked something in the way of dignity. Contemporary experts advised unmistakable safewords like "toothbrush" or "dog dish." There were less awkward solutions, too. Some people used the Top's real name as their safeword, for example.

Gestures were often recognized as requests for respite or surcease, that ought to be respected, *ie*: complied with. The 1974 Russell Budd video, "The Story of K," showed an example of a new submissive being given a gesture safeword ... the dropping of a rubber ball ... as a means of stopping the pain. A common signal was raising one foot, slightly, to indicate, "Please wait, I need a break." A more extreme gesture, using the foot as if to cover the butt added urgency, and often finality to the implied request, "Please stop if you value our continued relationship, and/or your own future physical well-being." (Remembering that every Top has to sleep sometime!) In addition many Tops prided themselves on reading body language and knowing the exact moment when a Bottom was going to Safeword-Out *before* the Bottom did.

By the late 80's, the S/M scene began to be seriously impacted by decades of Feminist, Minority and Lesbian/Gay political struggle, and by advances in medical and scientific thinking. "SadoMasochism" began to lose its stigma as a rare perversion and/or progressive mental disorder, and began to be seen unofficially and more accurately, as a component of human sexuality in general, with its practitioners occupying a place in a non-pathological range of human behavior.

Not surprisingly, attitudes among S/M people changed too, as the number of people willing/able to identify with "the scene" grew. If the result was less than a Social Contract, it was at least a Collective Identity. Part of this new and expanded group awareness was an increased sense of Submissives as having value, feelings, and even Rights, which Dominants ought to respect. Submissives and masochists also began to see the possibility of having their needs met without surrendering all claim to consideration and protection.

Increasingly, what used to be entirely a personal set of concerns is evolving into a social context. S/M and Power Exchange concepts *are* migrating into a wider social aware-

ness, and there *is* a burgeoning growth of books, magazines and videos attempting to deal more or less realistically and humanely with the subject. The number of, and membership in, S/M Support Organizations *is* growing and *is* creating a group identity, a set of "community values."

In this context, safewords have grown beyond their original utilitarian purpose of preventing harm to bodies and damage to relationships. The conscientious use of safewords identifies the user as someone who is informed, caring, trustworthy, self-respecting, and who probably will be amenable to Safe(r) Sex practices as well. This reassurance and affirmation is of great value in establishing a BDSM* relationship. It communicates the possibility of open and honest negotiation of roles, limits, and techniques.

When BDSM is practiced in a social context, parties and in clubs, for example, use of safewords augments the other forms of good manners, to help create an amicable atmosphere. All present are assured that they are not being made accessories to the (non consensual) abuse of others. Submissives are assured that they will not be subjected to ill-treatment, while Dominants can feel free to be vigorous and resolute, knowing they will not be stigmatized as "brutal" or resented as "insensitive."

In private, safewords facilitate communication, reinforcing the idea that negotiation between Dominant and Submissive is possible. Even more than in public, the Dominant is given the freedom to become increasingly intense, and the Submissive more totally trusting, knowing that matters will not go too far or get out of hand. This is especially valuable when non-consensual scenarios are being enacted. The submissive is free to protest, beg, struggle and carry on as much as he/she wants without concern that her/his pleasure will be interrupted by misplaced solicitude. Similarly the Dominant is freed to be as stern, punishing, harsh, controlling, and physically extreme, knowing that a timely safeword will protect him/her from "going too far" and inviting resentment, or abandonment.

So safewords, like seatbelts, condoms and motorcycle helmets, are *always* a good thing. Right?

There are certainly times when *omitting* a safeword is asking for trouble. For example:

When the partners are unfamiliar with each other.
When the partners are doing unfamiliar things.
When anything about the situation makes clear, swift and certain communication difficult.
When one partner wants/expects there to be a safeword.

*BDSM - S/M, R&P, D&S, ... LMNOP, etc. The acronym BDSM is becoming more common these days. B&D + D&S + SM, get it?

(Continued on page 30)

Discipline in the Old Navy

by: Cree

Since naval discipline was virtually synonymous with shipboard discipline, its character and form were molded by the conditions of life at sea in a sailing ship. Wooden warships were crowded almost beyond endurance. The frigate United States had a complement of four hundred and thirty men. Each seaman had a space 2 feet wide, 6 feet long, and 18 inches high in which to swing his hammock. Privacy there was nonexistent. Leave for seamen was unheard of and liberties were few and far between.

The organizational structure of discipline on board Navy ships was identical to that which had evolved in the British Navy since the days of the Stuart kings. The captain was the chief disciplinarian, and all the threads of naval authority came together in his hands.

"The captain of a man of war rules a petty kingdom, and is a petty despot. This tyrant, who struts his few feet of wooden deck, cannot unbend lest he should lose that appearance of respect from his inferiors which their fears inspire.

Commodore David Porter

A Commanding Officer had more power, enjoyed more autonomy and carried more responsibility than is normal even in military life, and the place where these powers were most keenly felt was in the area of discipline. In the area of nonjudicial punishment, his powers were absolute. At captain's mast, when dealing with sailors, he functioned as judge, jury, and executioner. The punishments he ordered were carried out on the spot, and there was no appeal to his rulings. If he chose, he could deny the accused a chance to speak in defense of his actions, and the statement "Seaman Robins, you were drunk —twelve lashes," might be all the deliberation devoted to a particular case.

Along with the punishments relating to drunkenness, fighting, disobedience, skulking, theft, cursing, smuggling liquor, and sleeping on watch, were others of a more esoteric nature, including:

Being naked on the spar deck	9 lashes
Spitting on a man	6 lashes
Cursing the ship's corporal	8 lashes
Dirty and unwashed clothes	12 lashes

As a procedural matter, all of these offenses were handled by the captain's mast and did not involve court-martial.

If the offense was not listed, the captain could use Article XXXII, called "The Captain's Cloak" which said:

All crimes committed by persons belonging to the navy, which are not specified in the foregoing articles, shall be punished according to the laws and customs in such cases, at sea.



The practical details of flogging were carefully regulated by several Articles, both as to the number of lashes that could be given and to the kind of whip to be used. Article XXX was particularly explicit on that point:

**"... punishments ...
were carried out on
the spot, and there
was no appeal to his
rulings."**

No commanding officer shall on his own authority...inflict a punishment on any private beyond twelve lashes with a cat-of-nine-tails, nor shall he suffer any wired, or other than a plain cat-of-nine-tails, to be used on board his ship....

Many captains ignored this and gave out more than 12 lashes. Commodore Edward Preble's custom was to break down every offense into several different charges, and awarded twelve lashes for each offense. Punishments were witnessed by all hands with no exceptions, and the favored time for administering floggings was on Sunday after the ship's muster and the reading of the Articles of War.

In Navy tradition, a man was not punished on the same day he was sentenced. The seamen working on deck watched, as the bo'sun's mate sat on the coaming of the main hatch preparing the cat-of-nine-tails for each twelve lashes



to be meted out. Lashes were administered on the bared back, with the recipient secured upright to a hatch grating or tied up in the ship's gangway.

THE MAKING OF A CAT O'NINE TAILS

The plain or "official" cat was made of nine small, hard, twisted pieces of cotton or flax cord, with three knots in each, fixed to a short, thick, rope handle.

The bo'sun's mate would take 2 feet of 1 inch thick manila hemp for the handle and nine 2 foot long pieces of 1/4 inch thick manila line for the tails, working with the thick rope across his knees. From the brim of his tarred hat he took a sailmaker's needle, threaded it with twine and made a sailmaker's whipping at one end of the rope, thus preventing the strands from coming undone. He then whipped one end of each of the nine tails.

Now he was ready to splice. Holding the handle between his knees, the whipped end down, he "unlaid" (untwined) the three strands of rope for several inches. He then spliced all nine strands into the rope handle. Retrieving the needle from his hat and rethreading it, he ran a few stitches through each tail where it was spliced into the rope. There would be no chance of the tails pulling out.

THE HANDLE

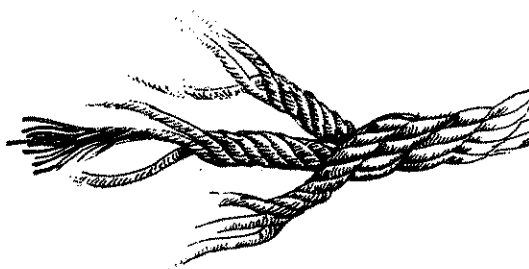
After inspecting it carefully he put the cat down on the deck and took up a roll of red baize material. Measuring the handle against the material, he used an enormous pair of sailmaker's scissors to cut off a strip just long and wide enough to wrap right round it. He wrapped the material round the handle like a stocking, joining it by stitching a seam along the entire length.

With the thread cut and the needle stuck back in his hat, he held up the finished cat. Even from five yards away it looked both terrible and grotesque, a deadly tropical plant perhaps, or a deformed octopus, the nine tails sticking out like groping tentacles from the red handle. It was a ritual, a tradition, whose origins were probably rooted in antiquity, and no one failed to realize just what effect a bo'sun's mate sitting there making a cat had on the rest of the ship's company. Perhaps it was even more of a deterrent than watching the actual flogging.

Although the practice was technically illegal, petty officers' use of whipping devices, such as a rope "colt" or "starter" rattan cane, was more common than formal flogging. Seamen might have the colt or rope's end, indiscriminately applied at any time, in any part of the ship, for any or no reason.

In 1855, Congress passed legislation forbidding the use of the cat or the colt and replaced that with the summary court-martial process, together with a list of punishments which were to be awarded by that tribunal. In the 1860's, the Articles of War were replaced with more humane rules. It was not until 1953 that the Congress replaced the Articles of War with the Uniform Code of Military Justice.

The Cree has had a lifelong fascination with American History, particularly military and naval. Computers are his other preoccupation -- and his occupation.



WHY A CAT HAS NINE TAILS

Even hardened sailors would thrash, scream and bleed under the dreaded CAT!

The severity was due largely to the make-up of this instrument. The usual material was hemp rope, stiff and salty from long, hard use.

Although there was no single design for the Cats, the making of twisted rope has not changed in nearly 3,000 years.

Three "bundles" of fibers twist together to make three "strands" ... three strands are twisted to form the rope ... making in all -- NINE bundles!

The Boatswain (bo'sun), who had many more important duties than cat-making, often fashioned his implement of punishment by simply unravelling a suitable length of cordage and wrapping the cut ends with thin twine to prevent their unravelling.

These wraps were called, of all things -- Whippings!

(Reprinted from The Utopian Update with permission)

The Practical Application of a Kidnapping Scene

by Karen Taylor

Kidnapping/rape scenarios remain among the most common fantasies in the SM communities. But realistically, can they be done? Can they be enacted without creating a public nuisance or putting either the tops or bottoms in danger?

As a recipient of such a scene, I thought I would tell my story, give some pointers, and make some suggestions about the reality of asking for what you want. Since I'm a woman, many of my observations have to do with women's thoughts and responses.

WHY KIDNAPPING?

The kidnap/rape scenario is a very common fantasy among women, whether or not they're in the scene. Witness how many gothic romances utilize this theme: sweet innocent woman is carried off by strong attractive, yet dangerous man who ravages her, and despite her defilement and the violence of the rape, she finds herself attracted to him. The entire "sweet/savage" genre depends on this formula to keep largely female readers coming back for more. In SM fiction, the story gets shifted -- attractive, sexually adventurous woman gets captured by powerful, attractive, but cruel men and/or women who then train her to be the perfect submissive before trading/selling/keeping her.

We're all familiar with reasons why rape fantasies are so common. The most popular theory is that of the removal of responsibility. A bottom being carried off to be ravished, tortured and raped has no direct responsibility for what is happening. In fact, he/she is free to (if not expected to) scream, cry for help, and beg the captors to stop. Also, kidnapees can lay back and enjoy all that attention without feeling that they had to initiate it. There's that entire "swept away" feeling, of being set free from any responsibility for

There's that entire "swept away" feeling of being set free from any responsibility

the fantasy. Yet in reality, kidnapees do control what is happening, and they should ask for exactly what they want.

FROM THE KIDNAPPEE'S PERSPECTIVE:

I'm a Bottom, but not much of a submissive. My Top has worked hard over the past four years to get me to ask for what I want, but I was well on my way to doing that when I first met her. I had fantasies about getting kidnapped and ravished, and so I decided to take action.

A few years ago, about six weeks prior to my birthday, I wrote a story in which a young woman, while walking home from work, is grabbed in the alley behind her home, thrown into the back of a van, blindfolded, bound, tormented and finally raped by a number of unseen people. I sent a copy of this story to all my S/M friends with a note reminding them that my birthday was right around the corner. Pretty direct, eh? It's a great way to let the people in your life know exactly what you want -- or to get them talking about it.

In my case, it worked brilliantly: it got them talking, which got them to ask me questions, which in turn got me thinking. First, I had a friend ask me about the importance of the van in my story. Did the kidnapping have to be off the street, he asked. The danger in having innocent observers call the police and giving a license plate is quite real in my town, and he wanted to know whether that level of danger was something that he would have to take into consideration. What if the kidnapping took place from inside a garage or house, where the struggle was less likely to be noticed? When setting up a kidnapping, it's important to consider who might see what's happening, and what might they do about it. It's always best to minimize potential nonconsensual witnesses - you don't want a visit from your local law enforcement types, asking about that bound and gagged figure you were seen tossing into the trunk of your car.

Then, my lesbian friends questioned me regarding the gender of the kidnappers. Was it important to me that they be all women? All men? Mixed? In my story/letter, it was hard to tell. And for me, as with many people, the gender of who I play with is something I want to control. Lesson two - be specific. There can be a big difference between "being ravished by a bunch of cocks," "being ravished by a bunch of guys," and "being ravished by a bunch of butch dykes." It's also a good idea of what exactly words like "ravish" mean. If the kidnapee just doesn't do a particular kind of sex, forced or not, it's best to eliminate such a possibility before someone starts to set it up. "I can be fucked, but not fisted," for example. I assume safer sex, but it's a good idea to make sure everyone else does, too.

The next questions were about the concept of "strangers." Did I mean that the people had to be completely unknown to me? What if the blindfold was in place and people I knew were present but did not speak? If the blindfold fell off, would it ruin the scene if I recognized any faces? These are things that a fantasy-builder might not consider; it was good that my friends gave the idea so much thought. Finally, I was asked, how would I want the scene to end? Did I want to be dumped in some back alley, forced to make my way back home? Did I want to stumble bleeding out of one room into a room where my friends were waiting to surprise me with a birthday cake? Would I want my erstwhile captors to provide aftercare, or did I want to be returned to a friend's house? All of these questions were important, both to my friends and to me. I learned a lot about what really makes me hot, too. For instance, I realized that it was more important to me to feel powerless and helpless, than to be thrust into a car and taken somewhere else. It was also important that there be either a mix of genders, or only men present. And I really wanted them to be all strangers — familiar faces would definitely make the scene less hot.

Finally, I reminded the friends that if I was continuing to make angry and obscene remarks, it was probably too early to untie me. The scene would probably have to end with me

calming myself down, having the strangers disappear, and me settling into bed with a good book and some salve for my bruises.

THE BIG DAY

How did it finally happen? I went to visit some friends in another city over my birthday weekend. The three of us had agreed to play, and I was naked, blindfolded and tied to some bondage points in the room. After we played for a few minutes, the front door sounded like it had been kicked in. I heard (but could not see) a number of people come through the house, demanding to find drugs. My hosts both insisted they had the wrong house, and I heard punches and slaps. I turned around, tore the blindfold off my face, and caught a glimpse of my two hosts kneeling on the floor, with a man I didn't recognize holding a gun on them. In the background I heard what sounded like people tearing the house apart.

(Actually, they took the kitchen drawers with lots of clunky silverware and dropped them on the floor — it makes quite a clatter!)

It certainly felt pretty real, especially when the gun was pointed toward me and the blindfold was reset across my eyes. My arms were untied from their bondage points, and I



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My arms were untied from their bondage points, and I was dragged into another room. Conveniently, this was the room with the sling.

ization also allowed me to relax enough to really enjoy the fact that my cunt was wet.)

I was thrown into the sling, my hands and legs tied far apart, and had a fabulously *ugly* time. My tits were roughed up until they nearly bled; I was tortured with hot wax and clothespins; I was fucked with dicks (both real and fake), a baseball bat (*I think — at least, there was one in the room*), and some fists; and I got to scream and yell the entire time.

When the rigorous activity had loosened my blindfold enough that it finally came off, I called an end to the scene. My friends had done a really great job. First, I hadn't expected the scene to happen out of town, especially because my out-of-town hosts had never called me with any questions about the story.

(They had our mutual friends in my town do all the research.)

Second, my hosts had participated in the scene **ONLY** after they were sure that I was blindfolded and disoriented enough to not notice,

(though one confessed to me later that she had gotten so scared when the gun was pointing at her that she nearly came).

My hosts had found a number of women and men that I had not yet met to participate. The "kidnapping" had taken place inside the house, so there was no danger of innocent witnesses. In fact, it was a highly successful scene, thanks to the amount of communication we had had beforehand

Oh, and the best part? One of the kidnappers was a woman I had met only once before. That night, we went to bed together, fucked the rest of the weekend, and recently, we celebrated our fourth anniversary. It's just like one of those romance novels.

was dragged into another room. Conveniently, this was the room with the sling.

(Needless to say, this was when I realized that the people in the house were probably not the junkies they claimed to be, but were in fact part of the scene. This realization also allowed me to relax enough to really enjoy the fact that my cunt was wet.)

SUGGESTIONS FOR THE KIDNAPPEE:

I was very lucky that my friends and I had had so much good communication. And I'm still lucky: my Top continually reminds me that she can't read my mind -- I must communicate what I want! And I pass on that advice to anyone who is trying to get a kidnapping and ravishment of their own. If kidnapping or kidnapping/rape is a big fantasy, spend some time thinking about it logistically. Remember: your potential kidnappers can't read your mind, and unless you are clear about what you want, there may be consequences.

Here's an example: I have a friend who had her own fantasies about being kidnapped. She asked a close, gay male friend of hers, if he would, "run the scene," because she trusted him to keep her safe. He eagerly agreed, and contacted me about his ideas for implementing it.

First, he was going to grab her, blindfold and bind her in an abandoned warehouse. Then, he was going to go to the local mission, pay half a dozen bums a few dollars to go with him to the warehouse, and then tell them to do what they wanted to her!

He was very confused when I told him that this would probably not work, neither from a legal perspective, nor from the bottom's perspective. Again, it's often the desire of bottoms who indulge in this fantasy to have some control of the scene. I am reasonably sure that this woman had assumed that, by asking her gay male friend to run the scene, he would find people he knew, so he could predict their behavior and she would be safe within that context. Now certainly, it's also a great turn-on to imagine strangers fucking you, but the reality of making that happen is often too dangerous — particularly if the strangers are unknown to anyone involved in creating the scene.

I also suggest that people consider where the real wet spots are in their fantasies. Do you want to be raped outside in the woods, in an abandoned warehouse, in a moving vehicle, or in a house? If the answer is site-specific, then you need to communicate that to your potential kidnappers. Also, you may have to temper your desires to fit the realities of your living environment. Is it really possible that you could be grabbed off the street without anyone calling 911? Must the gun be pointed at you in public? Would it still work if you were in your garage and someone grabbed you from behind, and none of the neighbors could see you?

For some people, the gender of the captors is very important. It was hard for me to assure my lesbian friends that, yes, I really did want men to participate in the scene. Don't assume your friends know what you want, and if gender is an issue, make sure you communicate it. Keep in mind your limitations; keep that orange hanky (signalling anything-anytime) for more predictable people and scenarios. No

matter how outrageous, unless you have eliminated something from your list, it might happen. Yes, you will most likely still need a safety net of a safeword or code - but unless you're very good and your "attackers" are quick thinkers, safewords can effectively end the scene far too soon. If you don't want to be cut, or pissed on, or buggered, or gagged or hooded, or whatever — say so! Then, you really can relax and enjoy it.

Do think about "aftercare" — not just for yourself, but for the people who participate in the scene. Do they need to be assured that you really did enjoy yourself, that the scene was indeed consensual? Will your screams of terror and cries for mercy worry them, or make them feel bad about what they're doing? Do you need to be returned to a friend's house for emotional comfort, or will you cheerfully buy your former captives a round of drinks before you all head off in different directions? If you aren't sure what you'll need, you'd better communicate that, too. Finally, if you have experienced a real rape or any other kind of sexual abuse, please think carefully before doing this scenario. Let at least one person involved in the scene know about your past, so if anything happens to bring on flashbacks, there's at least one person near you who is aware of the situation and can take care of you. #

WORDS FOR THE WISE

Permission

A note for Tops: planning a kidnapping scene without *explicit* permission from the Bottom can be disastrous! Someone who thinks that she/he is in genuine danger will react unpredictably. A Bottom who is armed or physically fit or trained in martial arts, can injure the "attackers" before being overpowered, or can cause injury to his/herself. Also, keep in mind that although this is a common fantasy, it is not universal. Not knowing if the Bottoms want it, or how they might want it, can lead to a very bad scene, with regrets all around. And this particular scenario might have hurt quite a few people, "all around."

Firearms

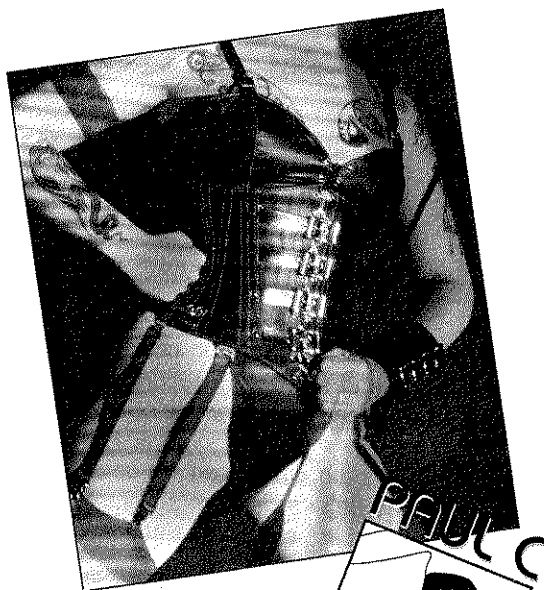
A gun is mentioned in the example scenario. First of all: using real guns is not assumed. Replicas of plastic and aluminum can be found at many toy and model shops. Many of them look exactly like their real counterparts. Remember - it's not necessary that the toy be real, only that the effect be believable. So if the bottom speaks glowingly of the chilling caress of a steel barrel, a length of pipe or even a water pistol left in the freezer for a while will make her wet herself in pleasurable terror. If the heft of a real gun is needed, say for penetration play, or for caressing a cheek, obtain a stage pistol or starter's gun, both of which cannot be used to fire

projectiles. If the sound of a shot is needed, obtain a starter's pistol - but beware of small spaces, that report is LOUD. Never fire a starter's pistol next to a person, especially next to the ears.

If for some reason, you choose to use a real gun in play, remember that this moves the scene to a much higher risk level, both physically and legally.

Assume that anything that could go wrong, will, and take every precaution to insure that it doesn't. Unload the weapon. Do not forget the round in the chamber! Do NOT load it with blanks. The "wad" from a blank can be as deadly as a lead slug at close range. If the gun has a safety, tape it down. Remove the firing pin, if you can. If you've done all of the above, you now have an inanimate object - which you'll still have to clean when you're done. When the scene is over, take the gun away - do not allow other people to handle it or pass it around. Lock it up in your gun case or closet. Don't just borrow someone else's gun, especially if you are not proficient in gun handling. And if the idea turns you on enough to actually go out and buy a handgun of your own, take a handgun safety course and make sure you are thoroughly familiar with your deadly weapon before you ever take it out to play. Now — isn't it easier to just get a model?

L.A.



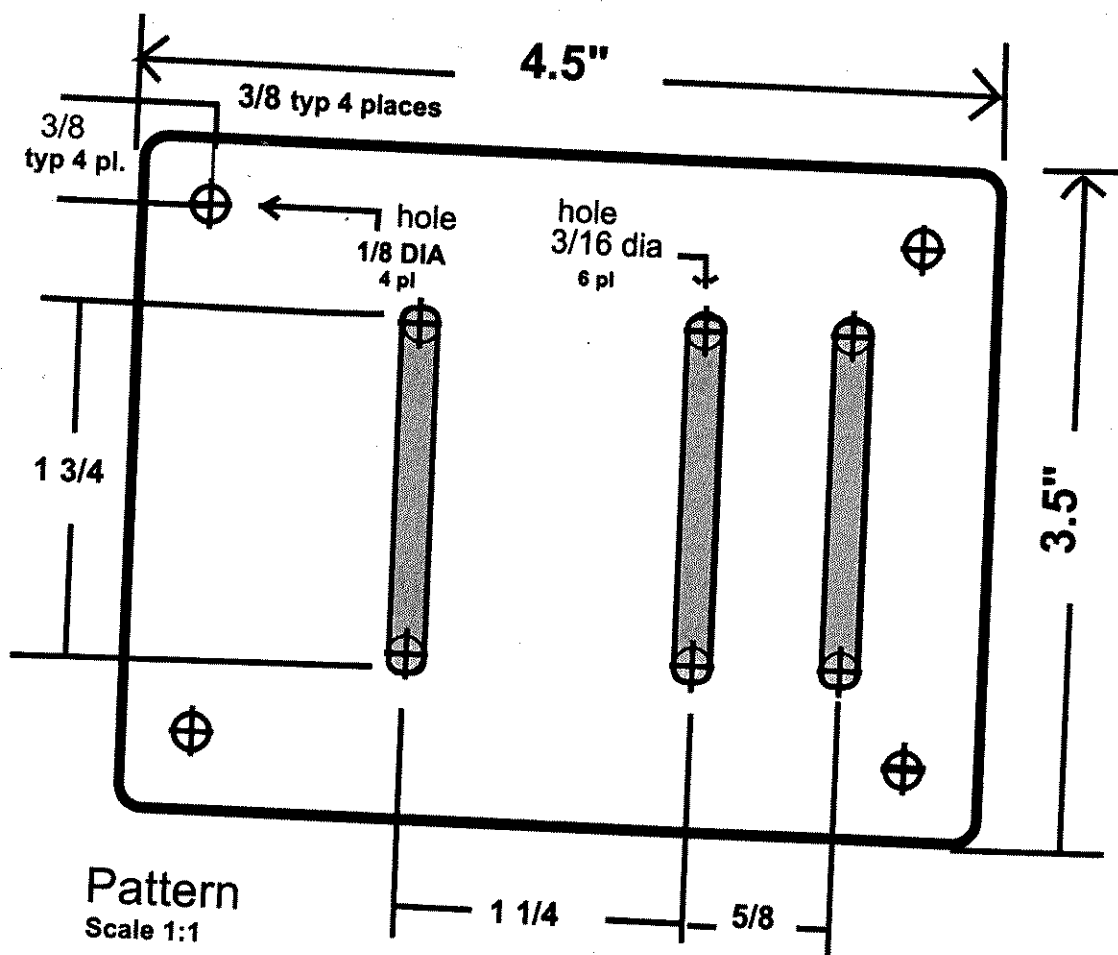
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Belt to Cuff Adapter

This ingenious contraption converts any belt into a versatile and amazingly secure restraint device. A single adapter can secure wrists or ankles together.

With two, both wrists can be secured to the waist assuming the belt came from an ample and portly person and that the subject is slender.

Girth-deprived practitioners can buckle two or more belts together to achieve the necessary length.

Four adapters will make a spread eagle tie.

Few tools and no special skills are needed.

For each adapter you will need 2-pieces of "8 oz." leather (1/8" thick) roughly 4"x 5".

YOU WILL ALSO NEED:

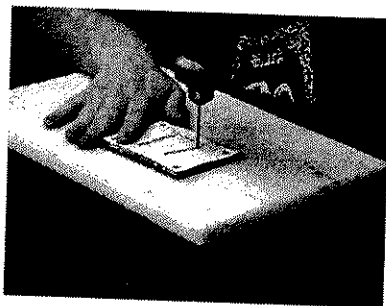
- "hit to fit" Rivets (5/16" long)
- 3/16 & 1/8" dia hole punches or bits & power drill
- a hammer (for the rivets)
- a wood or polyethylene cutting board
- a metal straight-edge
- a heavy duty razor knife
- leather dye and something lintless for applying it

You will probably also want some double-faced adhesive tape, or "contact adhesive" to fasten the two pieces of leather back-to-back while you are working on them.

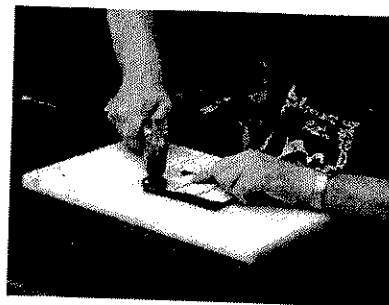
If you plan to make more than one or two adapters, you may want to invest \$10-\$30 in a "slotting punch." If your local leather supplier doesn't sell scraps, two of Tandy's #4130 Half "Backs" or one of The Leather Factory's #4033 Wallet Backs are just the right size.



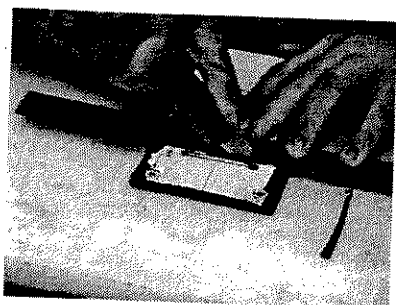
1. Use adhesive or double faced tape to fasten two pieces of leather back to back. Use double faced tape to fasten template to leather. *Don't use contact adhesive for this.* Trim to outline (note safe position of fingers razor knife and straightedge)



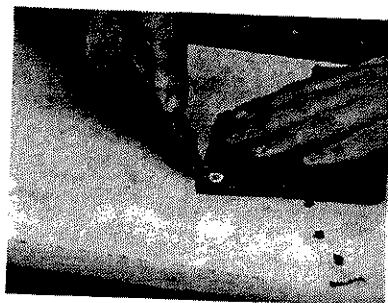
2. Drill or punch four 1/8 diameter corner holes. Insert, but do not hammer, rivets. This helps hold leather in alignment. Put a 3/16" diameter hole at the end of each slot. If drilling use a sharp bit and highest speed available. You "can" use a hammer for punching, but for the sake of the tool, your eyes and fingers, use a rawhide mallet or maul.



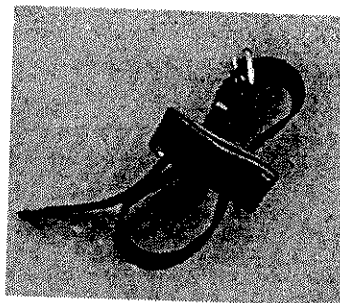
3. Peel template from under rivets. No special tool is needed to set rivets, just hit with hammer. This makes rivet flat on both sides. A punch and anvil tool set will give a convex rivet head.



4. Cut from hole to hole on each side to form slots. You can now peel off the rest of the template.



5. You can now trim corners at 45° angle. Use extra-sharp razor knife to bevel the edges. Then dye leather on face, (the dye just wipes off the rivets) edges, (and if you're very particular) the insides of the slots.



the way to the existing holes.

7. Assemble: put tongue of belt through middle slot, around further slot through the belt buckle, and out through the slot closest to the edge.

6. Punch extra holes in belt starting 6" from the buckle. If this a a belt you will continue to wear, continue the holes all

8. Experiment with combinations and configurations of belts and adapters. **Have fun !**



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Playing With the Edge

by Mitch Kessler

KNIFE WORK, KNIFE PLAY

In addition to being a devotee of erotic Knife Play, I am a knife fetishist. I go to knife shows and buy knife magazines. If I suddenly discover I have left my "companion knife" at home, I will be a little uncomfortable without my "lucky charm." Otherwise, in the course of a day I will find a number of reasonable-looking occasions to open or at least touch it. I've even got a touch of "Knife Fighter's Mange" ... patches of bare skin where arm-hair has been sacrificed, testing the keenness of an edge while honing it.

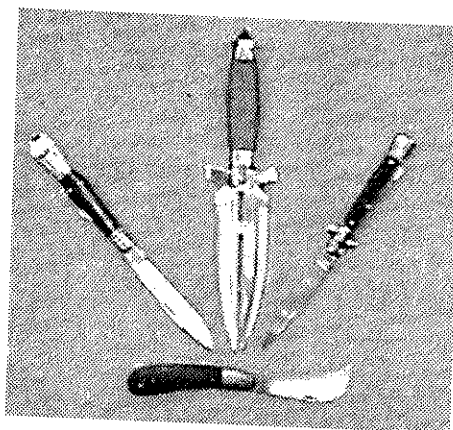
But before you get the idea you're reading a monograph by a potential Jack the Ripper, here's a bit of perspective. Having forgotten my pocketknife, I don't go back for it, once I have locked my front door. I may occasionally clean my nails with my pocket knife, I don't carve my own flesh with it. And, having incorporated knife play into my BDSM repertory, when offered the opportunity to cut a partner, I decline.

Why does The Knife hold such a wealth of primal associations? People have owned and used knives on a daily basis since pre-historic times. As a bit of metal with an edge and perhaps a point, the knife should have lost its power to awe, terrify and empower long ago, through sheer over-familiarity. Yet the sight, even the mention of the Blade does awe, terrify, and empower. As a fetish object, it is one of the most universal and most potent. It embodies both Sex and Death. It carries visions of extreme menace, of dark power, of agony and violation beyond ordinary comprehension.

WONDERFUL PARADOX

So there's this wonderful paradox. On one level, knives are useful, prosaic, objects. They're used to prepare and eat food, to open letters and parcels. Innumerable trades and professions have depended on their specialized knives to get their work done. Rationally,

we ought to think of knives as commonplace, functional and benign objects. Most of the time we do. Most of the time we don't even think of our cutlery, tools and table utensils as "knives."



On the other hand, The Knife is the scepter of the Sociopath ... the weapon of the Beast. When one has a knife and the other has not, especially if the have-not is restrained and helpless, primal feelings and images are unleashed. The sight of the naked blade terrifies ... its touch chills. Ancient ancestral memories of razor teeth, needle claws, and the remorseless talons of beasts that feed on human flesh stalk the edges of consciousness. Visions of more ghastly human predators, archetypes of dread: the Slasher, the Stalker, the killer-from-the-shadows, the Violator, the Madman, emerge from the darker corners of the mind. The Pirate. The Bandit. The Inquisitor. The Thrill-Crazy GangKid, Jack the Ripper, Freddie Kruger, and Hannibal the Cannibal.

Symbolically, The Knife carries an enormous freight of meaning, and the Freudian equation, "knife equals phallus" doesn't begin to describe it.

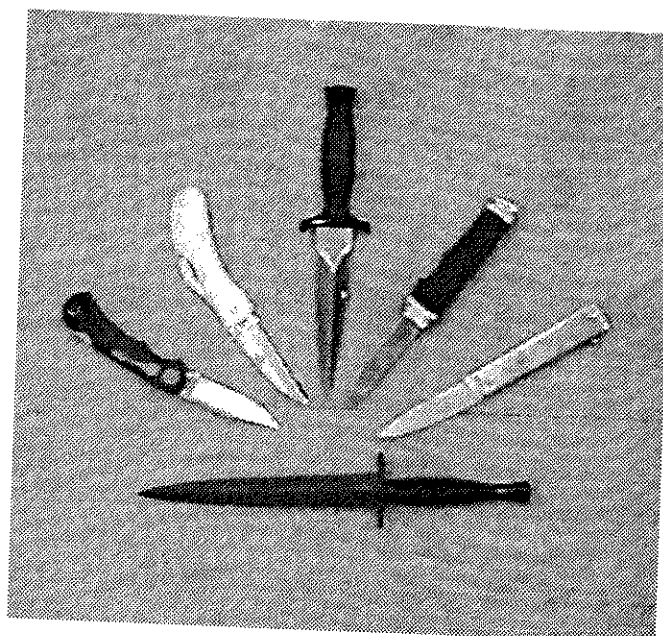
While threat and

dread, along with their counterparts self-control and trust, are implicit in any eroticized knife play, there are a number of things to do with a knife in an erotic way that doesn't involve an explicit threatening gesture, as for example in Shaving or in Hot Wax scenes.

SHAVING

Allowing someone to shave your face or body, with even a safety razor, incorporates elements of acceptance, submission and trust. With a straight razor the stakes are raised a bit. When a knife is substituted, the stakes are raised a lot. A shaver with a razor can possibly be seen as being in a submissive or serving role. A denuder with a dagger is by definition in a dominant and controlling role. It displays a certain mastery and expertise to make a knife sharp enough to shave with. The awareness of this works on both parties.

Although a knife can be made razor sharp, it cannot be turned into a shaving razor. For removing hair cleanly and comfortably, the disposable razor is really the tool of choice for faces and other previously shaved areas. For areas that have never been shaved, a straight razor probably does the best job. However, in addition to the fear and admiration excited by substituting a knife



for a razor, the knife shave takes a lot longer, and leaves the skin acutely sensitive. (It probably should go without saying, but here it is anyway: knife-shaving scrapes the skin and may inflict small nicks and cuts. This opens the way to nuisance infections and rashes. The knife used for shaving, therefore, should be disinfected before and after use.)

HOT WAX

In a hot wax scene, the "victim" experiences both physical and psychological stress as the wax is dripped on. That no actual burning occurs, doesn't detract from the the "torture" enjoyed by both sides. Using a knife to remove the hardened wax adds another dimension to the "ordeal."

This process evokes suggestions of "skinning alive." Obviously, nothing of the kind is happening. In fact, the knife used for this purpose can be kept as dull as a butter spreader if the wax remover likes to work quickly. A sharp knife will catch at body hairs embedded in the wax creating a stronger set of sensations — and the need for greater care. This is especially true, if in addition to the shaving or scraping type of stroke, the Top works the point of the knife under the wax drops, lifting them off on the knife's blade. It's nervous work the first few times, but the effect is often worth the effort.

KNIFE PLAY PROPER

Essentially, knife play is the act of threatening with a knife. Edged and pointed steel is intensely scary. It's lightest touch, especially around the face, neck, breasts and genitals, triggers powerful reactions. Tolerating its caress calls for an exceptional degree of both trust and self-control. How real is the fear? Is it just horror movie, amusement park terror? There's the paradox. The DANGER is, of course, make-believe, but the feelings are REAL! At the deepest level, people who do knife play are absolutely certain that their partners will not "get carried away" and inflict real damage. (If anything, it is the knife *wielder* who may have to deal with thinking about the unthinkable).

In my opinion, sudden, broad move-

ments, jabbing or slashing gestures are ill-advised. They are certainly harder to control, and more likely to make the "victim" flinch, when the high road to safety is absolute stillness on one side and precise control on the other. Slow careful pressure with edge or point, or "cat scratching" with the point alone does not have to break skin to stress the mind.

There is a measure of comfort in realizing that usually when accidents happen the submissive may get a pinprick, catscratch or shaving nick ... and its the knife wielder who is more likely to need a bandage. Not that carelessness should be condoned or encouraged, but even then, "disasters" usually amount to a "band-aid & bacitracin" injury, the kind cooks, woodworkers and leatherworkers take for granted.

My own rule of thumb ... and finger ... is that when a cut soaks through two adhesive bandages in the same half hour, or starts to feel dull and "achey" — I'll consider the idea that a visit to the emergency room might be in order. At

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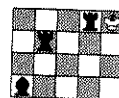
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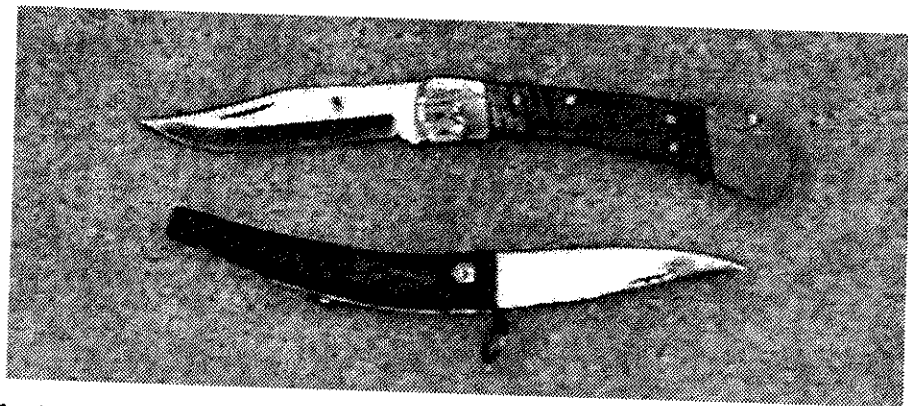
worst it'll be an expensive bandaging and reassurance. Maybe a stitch or two will make for faster and more comfortable healing. Incidentally, the few bad cuts I've ever had were work-related, not due to erotic distraction.

While knife play often consists of touching knife to flesh so as to create delicious fear reactions, actual contact may not be needed. If the "victim's" vision is restricted, the mere *SOUND* of an unseen knife being opened may initiate the desired reaction. Any pocket knife can be made to "snic" wickedly enough to simulate an (illegal) switch-blade or gravity knife. The *SIGHT* of an open or unsheathed knife alongside whatever other implements are being used, suggests *unspeakable* possibilities and so, does not have to be touched or referred to again. One particularly effective bit of "business" I have seen involved the Top slowly unfolding a long slender pocket knife and using it to peel, core and slice ... but not eat ... an apple. The Bottom was moaning in fright, though the knife (and the apple) never came within an arm's length.

WHERE TO TOUCH

When touching with a knife, almost any part of the body can be fair game. Soft, fleshy places including lips and earlobes

are likely places. Personally, I like to keep the edge and point away from any place where I can see tendons or blood vessels. I also avoid places like the



forehead or sternum, where the flesh is thinly stretched over bone. I have also found that the contact of the steel is felt long before the "victim" is certain if the touch has been with the edge, the back or the flat of the blade. In my early scenes, there was never a chance of mishap, as I never brought a cutting edge into contact with skin. This didn't keep them from being just as "hot" at the time as if I had.

When it comes to inserting a knife into a bodily opening, I restrict myself to the nostrils and the open mouth. I have been told of what is purported to be a safe and sane way of inserting a one-edged dagger vaginally. My gut feeling about this is NO! My gut feeling about anal insertion is closer to "NEVER!" I can certainly see that such insertions would certainly lead to a certain amount of STILLNESS on the part of the insertee ... but I'm not comfortable with even the remote possibility of this particular pair of mishaps. I have found that tapping the

front teeth with a knife point ... and then touching the underside of the tongue, creates a similar effect and is easier to control.

ABOUT EDGES

Unless you intend to do shaving or actually make cuts in skin, you will probably be more interested in blunting your edges than in making them razor-sharp. This doesn't mean that you have to ruin the edge of your best knife to make it safe(r) to play with. You just use a very fine abrasive stone, paper, or steel to "take the edge off" a bit. A blade treated this way will still sharpen a lead pencil and will still cut flesh. However, it is astonishing how well human skin resists cutting with an edge and even piercing with a point WHEN THE POINT OR THE EDGE ARE MOVING SLOWLY. "Slicing" is the most effective cutting stroke. "Whittling" is less effective, and "pressing" is the least effective of all. Although a small-gauge hypodermic needle is one of the sharpest points there is, a medically trained person "jabs" rather than "presses" to be sure of penetration. Blunting an edge or point only provides a little larger margin of safety, leaving the blade in condition to be re-sharpened easily.

IS KNIFE-PLAY FOR YOU?

Admittedly, Knife Play is not for everyone. Some people will find it too scary, too threatening, too suggestive of non consensuality. Others may find it too artificial, silly and play-acting to find much of a turn-on in it. Hopefully this article has given some insight, not only into *how* one might eroticize sharp steel, but given a bit of insight into *why* one might do so. #

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NEWS FROM OUR ADVERTISERS

New Larger Size Line at Stormy Leather

by Stephanie Rosenbaum

Where's a big girl to get her sexy duds?

Roseanne's *Vanity Fair* photo spread may have put the lie to the idea that only skinny can be steamy, but most mainstream lingerie and fetishwear suppliers still ignore the needs of women bigger than a size 12. Although *Frederick's of Hollywood* has begun to add some plus sizes to its catalog, the adventurous woman interested in something more daring than a magenta lace teddy has found the pickings—like the models -- to be nothing but slim!

Now, inspired by a steady stream of customer requests, as well as the needs of its own staff, *Stormy Leather*, the San Francisco-based leather, latex, and fetishwear boutique, has recently launched its "X-tra Lusty" line of fashions in sizes XL-4X. Made in Stormy Leather's own workshop in high quality cowhide and lambskin, the line includes three skirt styles, several bras, two vests, open-cup halter, a summery A-line tank dress, and four different fully boned corsets.

In addition, the store is carrying shiny PVC styles by Versatile Fashions (one of the only fetishwear companies to make clothing up to size 22) such as circle skirts, hot pants, white nurse's outfits (complete with apron and cap), maid's uniforms, and a variety of sexy dresses. To finish your outfit, there are queen size stockings, crotchless pantyhose, fishnets, and lace bodystockings.

Although the store has always offered custom sizing, some larger customers were frustrated by the lack of off-the-rack options that could be tried on, purchased, and taken home without the need for fittings and the two week

wait for manufacturing. Rather than perpetuate the myth that bigger women don't like to show off their bodies; design meetings were held, feedback compiled, and wholesale catalogs scoured. Within a few months, advertising photos were shot, the clothes were in production, and the announcements were in the mail.

A desire to accommodate a wide range of sizes led to several design innovations. One that has proved par-



ticularly popular was the creation of a range of gussets that, when laced into the back of the Stormy Zip Bra, could add from 4 to 10 inches of extra back

room. A D-cup breast is a D-cup breast, but the corresponding back might measure anywhere from 36" to 46" ... or beyond. With the addition of the gussets, the same bra can accommodate a much wider range of women. Wider straps and doubled rows of elastic in the back of bras; grading of skirts in length as well as width; bigger zippers and snaps to match the scale of the new garments -- all these and more have contributed to the success of the new line. By going up to 4X (approximately size 22), the new line can also accommodate many male-to-female transsexuals and crossdressers.

Because all the leather garments are designed and made in-house, customer feedback often can be incorporated between one production run and the next. To this end, the store has been requesting that everyone who expresses an interest in the line fill out a brief questionnaire expressing likes, dislikes, and suggestions. "Loved the bra!" wrote one woman. "Cups were actually big enough and supportive." "Of course this comes from a woman-owned company," wrote another. "How about butch wear- in sizes up to 7X? More, more, more!"

Anyone who had ever gone to a play party or a club, has seen every kind of body on display. Whether your tastes run toward miniskirts or motorcycle vests, *Stormy Leather* ensures that sizing won't stop you from strutting your stuff this summer!

Stormy Leather - 1158 Howard St., (bet. 7th & 8th St.) in San Francisco. Store hours, Mon.-Thurs., 12-6 p.m.; Fri.-Sat., 12-7 p.m.; Sun., 2-6 p.m. (415) 626-1672/ Visa, MC, Discover cards accepted. Sorry, no mail or phone orders.

Before you answer the question, realize that you want to get into a part of the sex business that many sex workers such as strippers, escorts, phone sexers, and prostitutes, are also considering. Professional Dominance is the "graduate school" to which other sex workers want to be admitted. Sex workers wanting to become Professional Dominants are as plentiful as Hollywood actors wanting their own talk show. They know it's hot, and they want a piece of the action. You may wonder, how much skill does it take to tie someone up and swing a whip across his back? I'll be brief - that barely scratches it. And some of us Pro Doms hardly ever even touch a whip.

For instance, I do not identify as a Sadist, that is, someone who gets pleasure from delivering pain, (or as the PC SM crowd say, "sensation"). You will not find *this* Professional Dominant swinging a whip very often. I prefer psychological games that seduce a slave into extremely submissive behavior to the point that he will do anything for me, including begging me to hurt him. There is a great deal that goes into tying someone up or administering pain in a responsible manner. There are issues of safety, technique, and of each submissive's personal limits. This article was *not* written with the intention of convincing you to be, or not to be, a Professional Dominant. Rather, it tells you some of the things you need to think about before you decide to do this for money, or fun, or both. Because I am successful at Professional Dominance, I want to tell you what it's really like and what it takes if you want to do this successfully too.

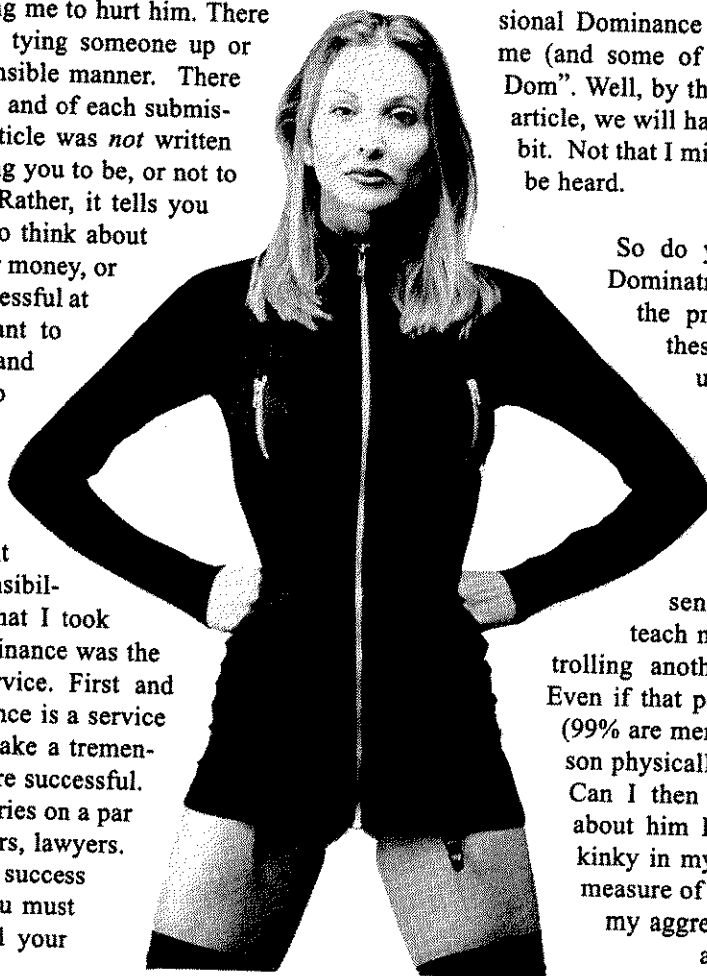
Why am I successful? It helped me a great deal to grow up in a family restaurant business. Having a business sensibility comes naturally to me. What I took with me into Professional Dominance was the knowledge of providing a service. First and foremost, Professional Dominance is a service business. It is also a way to make a tremendous amount of money if you are successful. Successful Pro Doms make salaries on a par with other professionals - doctors, lawyers, and CPAs. Like any profession, success is based on repeat business. You must think of this as a business and your

clients must come back. If you are unsuccessful, you will have little or no repeat clients. So, decide from the start that you want to be a successful Dominant or save your time, and their time and money.

To be successful, you should have a pretty good grasp of the psychological interplay of wielding your dominance and directing your submissive. When you don't really know what you are doing, you taint the fantasies your clients have brought to you and, in my opinion, you taint the business too. Professional Dominance is not the place to begin practicing or to make big mistakes in your understanding of SM. Also realize that your inexperience will make those of us who *do* know what we are doing, look like we are performing miracles in erotic ecstasy. So go ahead, but you have been warned!

So you wanna be a *Dominatrix?*

by Lady Petra



I keep hearing about how glamorous Professional Dominance has become. People refer to me (and some of my colleagues) as a "Glam Dom". Well, by the time you finish reading this article, we will have corrected that image just a bit. Not that I mind the title, but let some truth be heard.

So do you still want to become a Dominatrix? Are you enthused about the prospect? Stop! Ask yourself these questions: Do I have a genuine interest in sadomasochism and/or dominance and submission? Am I willing to invest months before beginning on a professional level, in order to train with a more senior Pro Dom qualified to teach me? Do I genuinely like controlling another person's erotic energy? Even if that person is basically a stranger (99% are men)? What if I find this person physically or psychically distasteful? Can I then be able to find something about him I like? Am I at least partly kinky in my personal life? Do I have a measure of self control around issues of my aggression and sexuality? These are all important questions to

answer. Know that all of the above will effect your success. The 'Dungeon' is not the place to work out these issues, nor is it a place to do someone else's deep therapy.

If you do decide to get into this part of the sex industry, or are already in it, the first year or two can be incredibly compelling. This is the "Honeymoon phase." After all, it's fun to dress up, command another persons turn-on and be the object of his attention and fantasy. Did I say 'be the object...'? Yes. Clients will objectify you. However real and powerful the exchange of dominant and submissive energy, we are fantasy women to our clients and, with a few exceptions, the professional dominant/submissive relationship does not exist in real time for many of them. These men lead very segmented lives, with wives and children and reputations that they would prefer to keep very separate from the SM relationship. They may not be looking to have *any* kind of relationship outside the dungeon. And neither should you. Always respect your submissive's need for discretion or you will lose that client. Never acknowledge a client in public without knowing his boundaries around this.

Even with these constraints, and the charged status of sex workers in many people's view, Professional Dominance is something to be proud of. I am. Regardless of the fact that we are Tops, never forget that this is a service profession. We are providing a service. Got that?

How are your phone skills? Why do I ask? Because good or excellent phone communication is the first real chance to obtain a client. It's even more important than a good ad. Remember this: most men call every ad sooner or later. But your ability to "close" with a client, that is, make an appointment, comes primarily from your conversations over the phone. For prospective clients, the DS dynamic begins to warm up during that call. I have mastered this skill, but it took practice and paying attention to the subtleties of what comes across as sounding too dramatic or too friendly. This is why I make my own appointments rather than having someone else book them. Nobody can represent you as well as you can. Furthermore, I have noticed that during the initial conversation, men are looking for any reason to *not* want to see you. This is due, in part, to a somewhat saturated market. It is presently a buyer's market because of the large number of us doing professional dominance. This is not, has never been, or ever will be a job for the intellectually unsophisticated. Prepare to give this business your best attention. And I suggest you aim at being better than average.

Now answer this: What are your standards of hygiene? Do you know precisely how viruses and bacteria are transmitted? You had better get this down cold; you are playing not only with your health, but the health of your clients, who are trusting you to take care of this. In this day and age, it is morally imperative that you be responsible by practicing the highest standards of cleanliness, hygiene and safety in han-

dling equipment, clients and the surroundings. Clients are turned off when they suspect you are unsafe in any respect. And when they are turned off, they can never really be fully turned on and present to enjoy the journey you wish to take them on, no matter how good at dominance you are.

Do you know about the important safety standards within SM levels of sensation? This is no minor detail. Do you realize that delivering intense sensation requires specific knowledge about the human body, and time spent practicing as a bottom? I have found every submissive I've played with to be extremely different in his internal/external health status

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and his erotic pain stimulus. Get an extremely good feel of what these energies are like before you place an ad.

Being dominant isn't always automatic even for the most dominant Dom. And there always will be those low energy days you are not up to it, yet you have four or five appointments lined up. You may need to know how to do many different kinds of scenes. If you are a ..um, one trick Dom you will not be successful. And in my book, successful Professional Dominance is based, as I've said, on repeat clients. Part of the magic in this business involves providing ever-expanding experiences for your clients, while maintaining a thoroughly dominant, controlled context.

Establish your clients' definitions of their erotic language down before you play. If one client wants to be humiliated, it could mean something extremely different from what another client means. For me, this is the important difference between hitting and missing your mark. For instance, if your slave is rotund and you call him "fat boy," it can send him deeper into submissive space through humiliation. To call another rotund slave "fat boy" may strike his submissive space dead. Be able to recognize and play into your client's individual head space.

The best mistresses do not work from a script. If you are acting, it shows. We have sophisticated clients and they can see through a put on. So be real, that is, bring out your version of dominance, whatever it looks like. Then work on polishing and decorating that persona. Be true to yourself first, and the rest will come easier. "The rest" involves paying attention to the energy and chemistry between you and your submissive, and directing it in a way that is unique to that special chemistry. . Keep in mind, one of the best things that can come out of your session is *your* genuine pleasure and good time. I know that I fully enjoy my dominance. This comes in part from having a very full life away from the "dungeon." Authentic dominance cannot always be sum-

moned into action. Not only is this a service profession, but it also is a kind of performance skill, and it takes ENERGY. If you are given to low energy a lot of the time, give it up now because this job takes all you have if you maintain a regularly busy schedule.

More truths. Most of my clients are older men. Younger men don't always have the financial resources required to see a Professional Dominant regularly. Eighty percent are Lawyers. With few exceptions, my clients are all highly in charge, dominant professionals in the vanilla world. If you have a problem with that, then at least you have been warned. And speaking of attorneys, it is my opinion that they are some of the kinkiest control players and most "in need of submissive training" clients to be had. But they also clearly relish their time spent with a Dominant. Goddess knows, I enjoy an intelligent submissive too.

How intuitive are you around seeing behind another person's erotic mask? I have found that even the most explicitly honest and open submissive does not understand all of what his erotic energies involve. As a Dominant, it is one thing to take a submissive on a journey through his fantasies, and it is a higher skill to take him there and then go beyond. This takes practice in tuning into your submissive's needs as opposed to his wants or desires. And never, ever forget, you're the one in control.

This article was written to help clarify for the reader some basic issues about Professional Dominance. It does not cover all issues worthy of consideration. So I suggest you follow up by reading introductory literature on SM and dominance and submission (there is a distinction between the two) and take instructional and informative classes (check out Good Vibrations and QSM in S.F. for those books and programs). So Ladies, be aware, be advised, and have some fun!

Safewords, (continued from page <None>)

There are also times when safewords could reasonably be dispensed with:

When there is good plain-language communication between Top and Bottom.

When the partners are doing things they know to be within each other's physical and mental limits.

When there is agreement that the actual physical and psychic risk is either minimal or within acceptable limits and any "accident" will be easily forgiven and forgotten.

- and even these examples have exceptions.

So, the decision to use safewords or not to use safewords becomes a judgement call, and a subject for negotiation. Many situations are inherently low-risk. Prudent and

responsible people might well do without a formal safeword - at least sometimes. But a safeword by itself, in the absence of judgement, knowledge, intuition and goodwill is not a Magic Wand that can protect the careless or callous from any and all consequences.

In the final analysis, "to safeword or not to safeword" has no single answer that applies to everyone in all situations. The best we can hope for is to make our own best judgements for ourselves and trust and believe that others are capable of doing the same.

"Adam Selene" is the nom de guerre of a nationally known and well respected Top. He will be expressing his opinions in these pages from time to time.

FROM THE GUARDIAN'S BOOKSHELF

Review:

On the Safe Edge: A Manual for SM Play

by Trevor Jacques, with Dr. Dale, Michael Hamilton, and Sniffer

When the committee of authors declared that their intention was to, "cover all aspects of basic SM", they rang a warning bell in my mind. Even with the modifying word "basic", that's a big field to cover. And at 250 packed pages, not including the appendix, index, an article on creating a toybag on a budget, and a bibliography and glossary, the authors do deliver quite a bit of information. By all rights, I should have put the book down knowing more than I ever really needed to know about SM safety issues, secure in my knowledge of precautions and first aid, and ready to deal with anything.

So, why did I feel like I had just watched one of those horrifying High School Driving Safety films, the ones where Johnny, his arm around Cindy, takes chance after chance on the way to their eventual explosive crash against that eventual bridge abutment?



As a safety manual, *On the Safe Edge* is extremely useful. It contains an astonishing amount of information, ranging from guidelines about coming out, to how to act in a leather bar. Along the way, it covers bondage and gags, whacking and whipping, enemas and suspension, clothespins and sensory deprivation. Yep, just about everything you can think of. Want to know where to put the knots when you tie someone up, or what to do when the cucumber disappears into your partner's backside? You'll find it in here. There's also a large section about sexually transmitted diseases, and excellent safer sex guidelines.

The section on controlled substances is also fascinatingly complete, and written with a strong anti-use sensibility. Each substance has its own little description of how the drug can adversely affect a person, and then a question such as "would you want to play with someone undergoing such a reaction?" While it's useful to have such information at hand, I found it rather heavy handed. If the purpose is to say "do not use mind-altering substances in SM play," that can

(Continued on page 32)

Because reviewers are only human, and sometimes miss the the entire point of an author's work, we asked the authors to provide some remarks of their own to amplify and moderate our Book Reviews.

TREVOR JACQUES

On the Safe Edge

When Mitch first asked me to review my own book, *On The Safe Edge: A Manual for SM Play*, I was somewhat apprehensive. After all, what could appear more self-serving than a review of one's own book? Additionally, I was not the only author: I was joined by Dr. Dale, Michael Hamilton, and Sniffer. So, I started to think about the whole experience and what I'd learned through the course of publishing *Safe Edge* it was a ride I'd recommend to anyone who likes rollercoasters.

Guy Baldwin once told me that if anyone asked him whether he'd recommend they write a book, he'd answer something to the effect of "No!" I now understand Guy's position. There are many, many times when one just wants to pack it all in. On the positive side, many rewards have come from the unlikeliest sources at the most unexpected times.

Safe Edge is the result of an idle conversation between the authors in a local leather bar, the Toolbox. We felt that with our memberships in the various SM clubs and personal experiences, we could put on a seminar to introduce people to safer SM. If we didn't have the information, we certainly had access to it through our friends and fellow members of the leather clubs. After encouragement from Guy, who was visiting Toronto, we set forth to create the seminars (given under the auspices of The AIDS Committee of Toronto). As we outlined them in my living room, we had unwittingly created the outline of the book.

Over the next year, we researched and wrote for the book. I have to admit that the typing got a bit boring, but

(Continued on page 32)

Review, *Safe Edge*, (continued from page 31)

be said as easily as, "do not use loaded machine guns and/or chainsaws in SM play," without going through the pretense of providing information for people who do use controlled substances.

As far as practical information goes, this is the source. Facts are delivered with clinical accuracy and the bibliography shows an attention to genuine medical and psychological resources. The emphasis is on safety first, period, educating the reader to avoid danger or injury, and if encountering it, to minimize the damage. This can be contrary to the purpose, though - their advice on tending a brand will certainly lead to it healing quickly, easily and without leaving much of a mark! There is nothing, in fact, about how to preserve a mark safely - their assumption is that *all* marks need to heal cleanly with a minimum of scarring.

The book would have been vastly improved by a better series of illustrations. The 17th Century anatomy drawings might have looked stylish, but something showing what a panic snap looks like, or where it's best to place the knots on the wrist, or even those relatively common illustrations on how to position the hand for fisting, or which areas on the body are safe for flogging -- all or any of these would have served better than the drawing of the nervous system. (Such diagrams are best viewed in three dimensions, and by someone who knows what they're looking at.)

The writing can be clear and concise, if a bit on the dry side. In fact, the writing style is the greatest barrier to making this a must-read book -- frankly, it's not stirring. You can argue that a safety manual does not serve the same purpose as a more general introductory work, but at the most basic level, the book has to be read to be useful.

Jacques, (continued from page 31)

the research on book production and publication was a fascinating education that I had not expected. We knew that our styles of writing would be different, but that this would create a welcome change of pace as the reader progressed through the pages. It seemed to work. We also tried to keep a balance so that all levels of reader would stay interested. This resulted in feedback of it being too simple and too complex, in approximately equal measure. We figure that this means we got it about right; we certainly didn't expect to be able to please all the people for all the book.

It contains an astonishing amount of information, ranging from guidelines for coming out to how to act in a leather bar.

But getting back to that safety film. Although I realize I'm going against the tide of enthusiastic reviews this book has already gotten, I do not believe this is an ideal book for beginners. For one, the density and formal language will deter many readers just looking for how to start getting their lover to tie them to the bed and "torture" them with their favorite vibrator.

And secondly, the stern and sometimes extreme sense of impending danger is almost guaranteed to cause either panic or amusement, the same emotions we were left with after our trusty driver safety course.

The authors are correct when they remind the readers that we all take risks in all aspects of our lives, and that risk assessment is part of what we do every day. But to skim through this catalog of dramatic precautions and dire circumstances might make a novice wonder if it's worth trying at all. It's scary!

This is a book for a more experienced player who has already decided that SM is OK for her/him -- preferably someone who can read these precautions and apply them to his or her own situation with the required grain of salt. I won't say that a novice couldn't benefit from the information in *Safe Edge* - I can't imagine that anyone wouldn't be able to find something useful and practical in these pages. But if I had seen this when I was a nervous and impressionable little newbie -- you know, back when SM was sleazy, sexy and mysterious, rather than safe, sane and consensual -- I would have high-tailed my butt back home and thanked my lucky stars I hadn't found anyone to actually *do* this dangerous stuff with.

On The Safe Edge: A Manual for SM Play
US \$19.95 CAN \$24.95 1-895857-05-8
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Toronto, Ontario, M4W 3T3 CANADA

From the outset, we had great encouragement from many people in the community. It was this vote of confidence that kept me going on some of those harder nights at 2a.m., when I had a presentation to give at 8a.m. or a plane to catch at 6:30a.m.

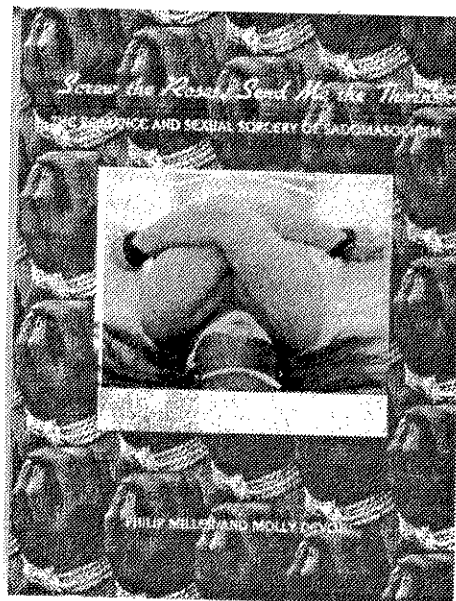
As *Safe Edge* went to print (typos and all), I hadn't realized how much emotional energy I had invested in it. Just before CHC's *Inferno* in September, 1993, the printer (an academic one who got quite a surprise when the boards arrived for shooting) was late with the binding. So late that the covers weren't even printed the day before I was due to be showing the finished product at *Inferno*.

Review:

Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns

by Philip Miller and Molly Devon

In the recent explosion of SM "how-to" books, *Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns* is a clear stand-out. First of all, it's professionally published, perfect bound and *huge*, with a striking color photograph on the cover. Its 271 pages are lavishly illustrated, using cartoons, computer generated images, photographs and drawings which depict all kinds of situations, toys, techniques and an assortment of bound (mostly female) bottoms.



But what really sets this book apart is the pervasive and persistent sense of *fun* the authors have imbedded into the text. Miller and Devon *love* SM; they love the fantasy, they love the capacity for theatre, and they love the sheer amount of personal enjoyment it has injected into their lives. Their attitude here is not sociological and scholarly, or one of "we know what we're doing, so we'll teach it to you", but more like: "SM is

great! Look at how much fun we can have! Everyone into the pool!"

How refreshing! Sometimes, I wonder if the more experienced players who are writing books and delivering lectures even remember why some of us got into this stuff to begin with. Miller and Devon remember. Hell, they never forgot!

Their user-friendly writing style is best illustrated by their amusing and occasionally painfully "punnish" chapter titles and subheadings. Their introductory chapter is titled, "Gee, Toto, I don't think we're in Kansas anymore." The section on negotiation and relationships is called, "You want to worship my WHAT???" In the "Sexual Magic" section - subtitled, "Why we do that voodoo," there are instructions for "Three Ways to Skinner a Pussy" - erotic conditioning in two pages or less.

Titles don't make the book, though. What really makes it work is the way that the authors keep going back to their primary goal: to demystify SM behavior and give a relative

(continued on page 34)

Jacques, (continued from page 32)

I can't remember many days when I've felt that upset.

On the up side, and there have been many more of these occasions than the down side, the effects of the book have been wonderful to behold. Recently, a friend in Toronto told me he'd just come from the Toronto Reference Library where he'd met a friend. As he approached his friend at the library table, his friend shut the book he was reading: *On The Safe Edge*. It was wonderful to hear that it really is being used.

One reviewer even went as far as to describe it as "THE Bible of SM," but that's probably a bit overboard, because there are many other good books out there. It's wonderful when the vast majority of reviews are wildly enthusiastic (Can this be repeated on subsequent books?, he asks). Under these circumstances, it's good to have friends to keep one's feet anchored to the ground. Before the first major release of *Safe Edge*, at LIL in Houston, I had decided to live in leather the whole of that weekend. The book sold well, and I packed up and made my way to the airport, where I arrived in head-to-toe leather. The young lady at security who checked out my camera noticed my leather AIDS pin, and mentioned that she had lost about seven of her old school

class-mates to it, but she'd never seen the ribbon in leather. It gave us the chance to say a few words about safer sex education with someone who understood.

At the departure gate, I tried to get an upgrade to business class from the young ladies. This is a hit-and-miss affair, at best. An older lady behind the desk turned to another terminal. Experience told me at this point to let things happen. The older lady made a point of escorting me as the last passenger onto the plane, ostensibly to check the manifest. As we passed out of earshot of the other clerks, she announced "I upgraded you, Sir, because of your pin. It's good to know someone cares." And, after a few more words together, I took my place in business class. I couldn't leave it there, and a few seconds later I hugged a woman I had never seen before and probably never will again. Back in my seat, I looked blankly at the one ahead and thought, "Yes, damn it, I am doing the right thing."

Trevor Jacques is a kinky physicist and systems engineer. He is also editor of Alternate Sources, the largest worldwide directory of resources for people with alternate sexualities (2nd. edition to be published late 1995).

Review, *Screw the Roses*, (continued from page 33)

novice both the permission to do what they're dreaming about and the technical know-how to do it with safety and a sense of erotic adventure. So, while you can still get a laugh out of their oddball similes and tongue-in-cheek depictions of their ideal forms of SM play, that silly scanned drawing of a well-beaten bottom will reassure someone about their morning-after marks. The authors blend some good research with practical, hands-on experience, sharing their own stories and thoughts as easily as they share out their puns.

That leads directly to the book's weakest side. Miller and Devon identify as a male-dominant and female submissive respectively - this is the scope of their relationship as well. The entire book uses mostly gender specific language: "the submissive, she. . .", "the dominant, he. . .", etc.. There are sections where they use gender neutral language as well, but the "feel" of the book is overwhelmingly het and MD/FS. The illustrative stories - another weakness, as they tend to be a bit overwritten - also fit into that limited scheme. The authors admit this quite freely - it's their book, so they can write how they see it. From a general standpoint, I agree. And certainly, heterosexual people and queers of all fla-

vors have read the *Lesbian SM Safety Manual* and the *Leatherman's Handbook* for years, changing the pronouns and situations to fit their needs. Still, the continual "sub-she", "dom-he" stuff did get on my nerves. But then, so did the use of the abbreviations "dom" and "sub" - it's all a matter of taste.

"Their user-friendly writing style is best illustrated by their amusing and occasionally painfully 'punnish' chapter titles and subheadings."

And ultimately, the writing style did not get in the way of the sheer usefulness of this book. Unlike its competitors, it has an index; unless you look things up a lot, you have no idea how useful an index is! (Although, for future editions, the authors might consider reanalyzing

the index. "Cutting" should be separated into "cutting, leather", and "cutting, your partner", if you're going to include both types of activities in the book!)

Also, the technical advice is superb - I found very few suggestions I'd dicker with, and my points of contention seemed largely - again - a matter of personal taste. Information about and instruction in flogging is perfect, leaving nothing out. Their illustrated section on bondage is unequaled. An amazing element of the book is that whenever the authors lacked the knowledge to write sensibly or helpfully about something, they

PHILLIP MILLER AND MOLLY DEVON *Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns*

Molly and Phillip felt that they had put their best thoughts about their book in its introduction. Here are some of them:

Our orientation is heterosexual, dominant male and submissive female and our book represents this perspective. So, if you are gay, lesbian, a dominant woman, or a submissive man, we understand that the context may seem too narrow at first glance. ... Yet, although a tremendous disparity of attractions, orientations and kinks exists, we are all human and therefore the emotional underpinnings of SM apply to us all.

We have learned a great deal about ourselves by reading literature intended for those with sexual orientations that differ from ours. The late John Preston wrote stores about gay SM relationships, but the emotionality and excellent writing within his work offers a satisfying read for everyone. The same can be said of Pat Califia, Laura Antoniou, Guy Baldwin, and many others.

Rather than becoming mired in androgynous pronouns, or writing to try to satisfy everyone's kink, we have written about what moves us ...

Screw The Roses, Send Me the Thorns, is an introduction and guide to SM for the merely curious, for the novice, and for experienced practitioners with a desire to enhance their exploration of sadomasochism. We use humor and illustration to make it fun. ... It's also hot stuff -- a wild, sexy, funny book that you will be proud to park beside your commode.

... The Fashion scene, the arts, media and college campuses are fairly bursting with 'fetish-looks' ... Some hard-nosed SM veterans loathe the invasion by the fashion butterflies, and they have a good point. Trendiness can trivialize ... (but) Trends pass swiftly and we can still earn from the new people ... Some of the lessons will be profound, others will provide little but entertainment. One young guy we know bought a pair of suede wrist-cuffs to use like a pair of friendship rings; he wore one and his girlfriend wore the other. What the hell, he found the level of fantasy right for him, which is what it's all about.

While we welcome the growing acceptance of SM in society, trendiness has its inherent perils and is one of the reasons we felt our book was needed. Misinformation is being circulated as novice players teach other novices practices they have gleaned from fiction.

said so, and left the topic alone. (For example, they include next to nothing about anal fisting.) But such excused absences are rare - these two have accumulated quite a bit of experience, and serve it up in easy to read terms and guidelines. In one notable section, they paused their word processors and allowed singletail expert Robert Dante to take up some space describing the use of long lashes. Perhaps they'd consider doing this again for future editions, filling in their knowledge gaps.

Relating their personal experiences also gives the reader a rare glimpse into the real world of SM, where things can turn out differently than we planned. A story about a "sharing" scenario became almost painful to read when it turned out that it was much more complex and intense than the partners could have anticipated. But the essential *truth* of their experience makes this particular scenario must reading - it is the most effective emotional safety "warning" I've ever read. It's also a strong acknowledgement of post-scene confusion, bordering on the blues. It's hard to balance a sense of enthusiastic, hedonistic fun with a serious tale - and even more difficult when the tale is so personal. But it worked, and the book would not be as complete without it.

The chapter on furnishing your dungeon has some wonderful illustrations of various toys, so the reader can get an idea of what to look for, ask for, stay away from. There are also some basic instructions on how to make your own toys, including

We want those interested in sadomasochism or any of its subsets including dominance and submission, bondage and discipline, spanking, erotic humiliation, role-play and others, to understand the importance of having access to the SM community.

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Phillip can recite the names of every street in Mahwah, NJ to the tune of "Misty" ... Molly's a whiz on the plant life of Borneo. We also happen to have between us more than twenty years of experience in the kinks so dear to our hearts.

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plans for wrist cuffs, two kinds of whips, and for the truly ambitious, a sling and suspending rack. For novices, their appendix will be a gift from heaven - over 170 clubs and organizations, 100 computer bulletin board systems, and I lost count at around 240 shops, suppliers, manufacturers and clothiers. Of course, some of these will have vanished between the time they put the list together and the time the book comes out - but then, some will have vanished by the time I wrote this review, too. Even their reading list had a few titles I didn't find on my shelves - and that says something.

This is an impressive, excellent guide to the wonderful world of SM, especially suitable for novices, but useful in any player's library. It's faults are easily forgiven in the face of its amusing style and practical instruction. At \$24.95, it may not be an easy investment to make - but not one you will ever regret.

Screw the Roses, Send Me the Thorns

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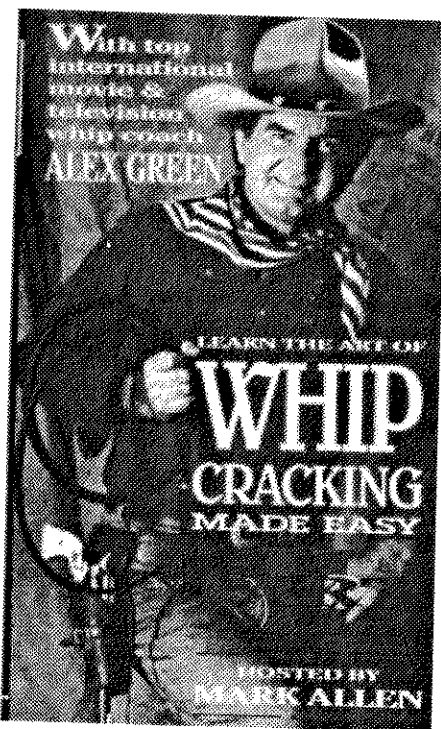
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Alex Green taught Harrison Ford and Michelle Pfeiffer how to use their whips in *Raiders of the Lost Ark* and *Batman Returns*. In addition he has coached, choreographed or performed in more than 100 feature films, 200 TV productions and ten times as many live shows.

Mark Allen calls himself a "home-grown, pistol-packing cowboy." He has performed in Wild West Shows all over the world, with horses, guns, ropes and, of course whips.

While video tape instruction may be second-best, compared to in-person instruction, when two experts of this calibre set their minds to sharing their knowledge, the result is absolutely first-rate. With this set of videos, a good whip ... and practice, practice, practice — almost anyone can learn the basics of making a whip crack without too much self-flagellation. With more practice and a commitment to study the style and form shown on these tapes, a reasonably coordinated person can progress to become a fairly competent performer.

In *Whipcracking Made Easy*, Mark and Alex start with a discussion of whip types, whip care, and safety. Then Alex shows how the four basic whip "throws" should be done and four novice-level students demonstrate some "variations," which Alex corrects. Plenty of repetition, overhead views and slow motion, provide ample opportunity to observe



Alex's form and technique.

In *Whipcracking Made Easy, Part II* Mark and Alex discuss choosing and caring for whips. Alex picks up where he left off, showing how the four basic throws can be used to build performance-quality tricks and acts. He also introduces another whip-throwing technique. In addition, he and Mark show a variety of practical training drills, target preparation, and just a few of the secrets of the whip performer's repertory of tricks.

Mark exhibits his own impressive skills, cracking elaborate patterns with extremely long whips and with two whips at a time. These super-whips show the essential whip action in a way that shorter whips cannot, even in slow motion.

The greatest strength of these presentations is the opportunity to study the form of a pair of masters. You soon see how smooth, unhurried movements lead

to both accuracy and impressively loud cracks. If your intention is to learn from these tapes, it's important to realize that they both show more than they explain. Timing, footwork, the "look" of a well-thrown whip ... It's all there, you only have to watch for it.

What I've Learned

I've been at the, "knocking leaves off trees and beating myself up," stage of single-lash practice for about 2 years now.

I've worked a lot with a David Morgan 4 ft. Signal Whip, and some Billy Anderson products in the 6-8 ft. range. My 8 ft. Morgan Target Whip has been on order for seven months and will probably be another two months in the making. I'm not pushing very hard for delivery, because, frankly, I'm not really ready for the longer whip. The way things stand now, I can get a good loud crack on a consistent basis, or I can hit a 6" diameter target with reasonable accuracy -- but not both on the same stroke! If I'm using my Morgan on a person, I'll usually opt for the inelegant but very reliable "towel-rat" shot, in which the small end of the whip is held in one hand and the whip snapped, like a towel, with the other.

This will soon change. The Mark Allen Tapes have been eye-opening. With a half-dozen viewings and a few days work, I can already see the improvement in both my placement and my noise making, and I'm confident that with further practice the improvement will continue.

I first saw that Mark's and Alex's whips look like greasy ropes, or old

rubber extension cords, as they move through the air. They are obviously a good deal more limber than my Morgan or my longer Andersons. In *Part II*, Alex Green made the offhand remark that professionals buy their whips in pairs, so that by the time one wears out, the other is broken in. Broken in? Oh yeah? Braiders try to get their work as dense and as tight as they can. However, this means that all whips, particularly rawhide and kangaroo (which is also a rawhide) start out stiff, with occasional hard spots along their length. These work out by themselves, given time, the way boots and jackets mellow with wear and care. However, until then, the frustration of trying to make a stiff whip fly in sinuous curves gets in the way of good practice.

I have been reluctant to put any kind of leather dressing or softener on my precious 'roo leather. I have been told, by David Morgan among others, that saddle soap is bad for kangaroo hide because of its alkaline nature. At one time, he would only recommend the traditional Australian lamb kidney-fat preparation ... while admitting that it did tend to "smell a bit in the summer" -- not to mention during the days of cooking the stuff. These days he is packing a dressing called Pecard with his whips. This stuff seems to be double-thickness petroleum jelly, with no smell at all.

But Alex Green was talking casually about putting SADDLE SOAP on his whips! Mark Allen was shown holding up a bottle of Lexol while talking about "dressing" his whips. So I got brave and followed his procedure: First, a saddle soap wash with plenty of water; then dry and buff. Following this, three thin coats of Lexol, a day apart, working the whip between the hands, rolling out the new-saddle squeaky sound. Finally, just for good measure, one coat of Pecard, rubbed in fast and hard.

Now the leather is noticeably darker than it was. But the whip behaves more like what I see on the tape.

The next thing I learned by watching the experts is that smoothness and consistency are the secret of good whip-cracking. The windup is as important as the follow-through, and I hadn't been using enough of either. After an initial pick-up move, Rodeo and show performers keep their whips moving in a circular pattern. The follow-through of one crack becomes the preparation for the next. As soon as I grasped that idea, my "circus" or "vertical" crack improved immeasurably. But my Forward Crack deteriorated with one whip while improving with another. Huh? As soon as I figured out that the Forward Crack really does need about twice the "arm" of the Circus Crack ... the situation corrected itself. I was even able to work a variation. By watching the flight of the whip during the pickup I can just "float" it close over my shoulder first to the rear, then forward. Once clear of my ear, a little arm, a locked wrist ... and the lash flies straight to where my eyes are focussed -- and cracks! The point of this: I can now crack an 8ft. whip in a room with a ten foot ceiling.-- eight feet if I'm really paying attention.

There are one or two more things I've learned, but cannot actually do yet. Notably, the tricks that involve cracking the whip in one place, losing the actual power of the stroke, then having the end hit further on, cutting a target or wrapping around a person. I suspect that these tricks really do call for the longer, performance quality whips.

But then ... I do have one on order. And it'll be ready any month now.

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Even for devoted Lash LaRue fans, this set consisting of one 1/2 hr video tape, a poster reproduction and a so-called Bullwhip will be something of a disappointment. For anyone else, it's a total waste.

You will learn *nothing* about using a bullwhip from this video ... in fact what you see is LaRue unable to crack his own bullwhip while NOT teaching a young boy to throw a whip.

As for the whip ... it's one of those worthless bone-dry, made-in-Pakistan-from-leather-scrap specials. You can find these monstrosities for under \$5.00, but anything over a buck fifty is too much.



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There's an interview with Lash LaRue, the Whipmaster of the Old West, who really didn't know how to use a whip, and with Master Whipmaker David Morgan, who does. Performances range from musical Speed Cracking, to showing the stately power of long lashes 20 feet and more in length. A variety of targets are hit, wrapped and retrieved. There is a demonstration of how to "whip a human being without hurting them." You'll even find out from Fairleigh Dickinson University's Dean of Physics, exactly what makes a whip go "crack."

If you have even a passing interest in Cowboy Arts or longlash whips this video belongs in your collection.

The New Brand, (continued from page 12)

it, tending it. Within two days, it was already building up a scab that was ready for stripping.

You have to understand, I heal beautifully. To encourage my first brand to stay, I had to unlearn everything I'd known about wound management; I had to struggle to pick at it, to *not* douse it with antibiotic ointments, bandage it, etc. This time, I was looking forward to the kind of mayhem I needed to keep the burn from closing up. But even as I worked it and washed the droplets of blood away, I was amazed at the cleanliness of the skin beneath, the eager way my body gave up the thin scab. This is a brand that wants to stay.

I have to compare the two. One, I took knowing I was about to undergo a trial, when I was saying good-bye to a role I had found compellingly sweet. I was a little frightened, wary, and sad. That one took its sweet time to open, and hurt in its healing. This new one, I took in anticipation of joy, marking a separation between a pleasant life of work and predictability, and the hope of a life of adventures and pas-

sion. I was eager, relaxed, and confident. And although my bicep aches a little, and I hiss when people thump on it thoughtlessly, the burn is clean, and wide, and already beautiful to my eyes.

It's not easy to embrace a mark that won't go away, at least not for me. But it's also not easy to have the kind of ecstatic experience I know when I feel the kiss of the metal - I find that I want it again, and again. It gives me some satisfaction to make myself wait for the right time, though, and to give meaning to the joy and the pain. Yes, my brand are marks of ownership - they establish myself as the guardian of my past and future.

Laura Antoniou is the editor of Leatherwomen I and II, Some Women, Looking for Mr. Preston, and other anthologies. Under the name "Sara Adamson", she is the author of the Marketplace series of erotic novels

Consent as a Defense. . . (continued from page 9)

rather than send him to jail. *Beck* has been cited recently, but only to reject its principles outright, calling the case, "a very minority view that is not followed today."¹⁴ Since 1888, no court has found consent to be a defense in any non-sexual assault case.

When one tries to move from the general theory of consent as a defense to assault, to trying to find specific examples involving alleged sadomasochistic practice, one finds very few appellate cases available. Aside from the case of *People v. Samuels* mentioned above, only four other cases have reached the appellate level with a claim that consensual sadomasochistic practice should be offered as a defense on the defendant's behalf. In none of those cases was the defense successful, or even allowed to be presented to the jury as an issue of fact. All went to the appellate level after a conviction was obtained, without the defendant having been allowed to argue that consent was a defense.

Two of the four cases come out of the Massachusetts Supreme Court. The most recent was *Commonwealth v. Appleby*.¹⁵ There the court held that the single blow of a riding crop, which barely grazed Appleby's homosexual lover's back, was "Assault with a Dangerous Weapon." The court first concluded that a riding crop was not a dangerous weapon *per se*, but that it could be found to be a dangerous weapon depending on usage. Rather than set any standards as to the minimum facts that would need to be in evidence for an item to meet the statutory definition of dangerous weapon, the court noted that the question as to whether the riding crop was a dangerous weapon was an issue of fact, and that there was sufficient evidence to support the jury's guilty verdict.¹⁶

Having found the riding crop to be a dangerous weapon, any contact, however slight, was then assault with a dangerous weapon. And since assaults with a dangerous weapon can be injurious or possibly deadly, one cannot consent to such activities.

It is important to note that under this reasoning, any sadomasochistic activity with any implement could be considered assault with a dangerous weapon, and therefore illegal, regardless of consent. The fact that the item was being used in such a manner that such harm did not result would be irrelevant to the determination that consent was not a defense. A breach of the public peace was still effected.

Another important facet of the *Appleby* decision is that it specifically removed the issue of sexual privacy from consideration in cases involving sadomasochistic practice. "Any right to sexual privacy that citizens enjoy, ..., would be outweighed in the constitutional balancing scheme by the State's interest in preventing violence by the use of danger-

ous weapons upon its citizens under the claimed cloak of privacy in sexual relations." Evidently the government's need to prevent people from being hit lightly with riding crops is more important than individual practitioner's needs for privacy in their intimate relations. To emphasize the point, they cite *Balthazar v Superior Court*¹⁷ which in dictum pauses to note that sadomasochistic behavior was "universally condemned".

The universal condemnation of sadomasochism was one of the factors used to deny the defendant a jury instruction on consent as a defense to assault in the Iowa case of *State v. Collier*.¹⁸ In Iowa, the assault statute has written into its text an exemption allowing consent as a defense in the case of, "a sport, social, or other activity."¹⁹ To determine whether SM would be considered within the realm of "social activity," the court used cases from other jurisdictions²⁰ to gain insight as to "what status is given those acts in our society." Not surprisingly, they found that SM was not well viewed, and from that basis they determined that sadomasochistic acts could not have been what the legislature intended when they made an exemption for "sport, social, or other activity." Even a phrase as broad as "other activity" is evidently not broad enough to encompass SM. The majority joined the court in *Appleby* to hold that whatever rights there might be to sexual privacy would be outweighed by the states interest in protecting its citizens, and preventing breaches of the public peace. The dissenting judge would have held that hitting someone with a belt was not in and of itself illegal, and that welts, a swollen lip, and even severe bruises did not constitute a serious injury under Iowa law. The dissenting Judge would have submitted the case to the jury, and allowed them to make the factual determination as to whether the activity had been consented to.

In the cases above, consent was contested at the time of trial, but the jury was not allowed to make a determination of fact as to whether consent existed or not. In the last case, there was no question but that the alleged victim had consented to the acts the defendant was being tried for. In *State v. Gerhardt*,²¹ the victim brought a complaint against the defendant. Under cross-examination, however, he admitted that the assault was part of a consensual homosexual encounter and that the complaint was only brought so as to avoid problems with his guardian at a group home. At that point the charge of abduction was dismissed, but the felonious assault charge was submitted to the jury along with an instruction that consent was not to be considered a defense to the crime of assault. Under Ohio statutes, consent was not generally available as a defense, but was specifically referenced where it would be relevant to the crime, such as for rape or theft. As if that would not have been sufficient to deny the defendant his opportunity to present consent as a

defense, the court also cited with approval *State v. Fransua* and *People v. Samuels* accepting both the breach of public peace and insanity of the victim arguments for disallowing consent as a defense.

Whether a jurisdiction allows consent as a defense to assault as in Iowa, or whether consent is specifically not offered as a defense as is the case in Ohio, or where consent is a defense generally but its applicability to consent was uncertain as in Massachusetts, the courts come to the same conclusion:

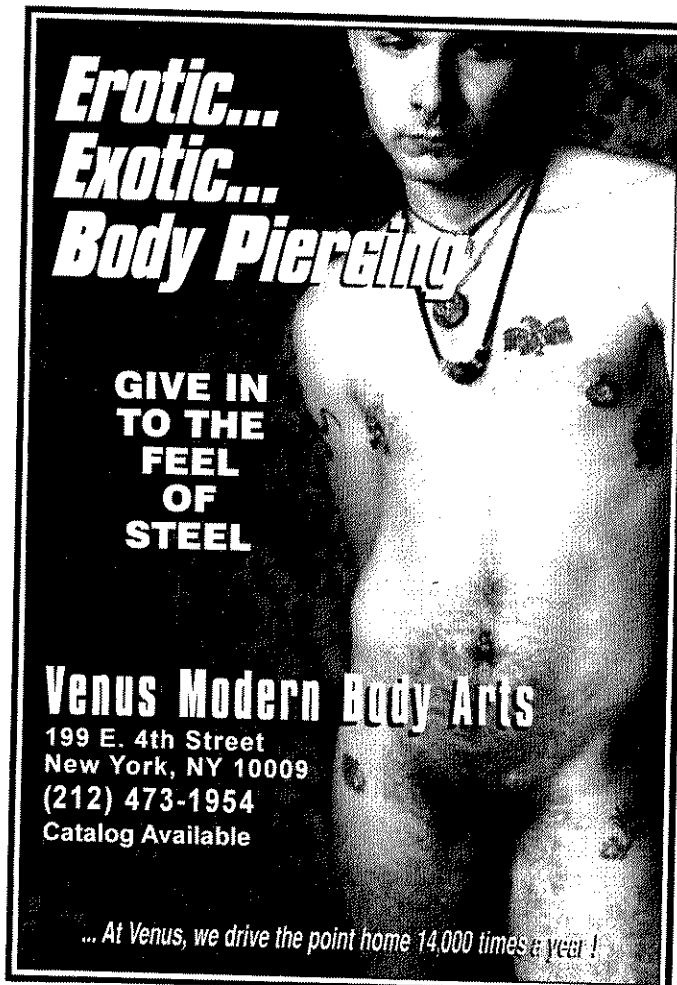
Sadomasochism is not something that is protected under the law, and consent is not available as a defense to its practitioners. Since even in those states where consent is available for "other activities," the courts will construe this *not* to include sadomasochistic acts. If sadomasochism is to be protected as a practice, more active measures will need to be taken.

Stephen, our "legal eagle," will be a third-year law student this Fall.

End Notes

n1. The Model Penal Code defines sexual assault as sexual contact with another under a number of conditions, including if "he knows the contact is offensive to the other person," i.e. when there is a lack of consent. There are many cases holding that consent is a defense to sexual assault. However sexual contact is defined for the purpose of that provision as touching of the sexual or other intimate parts of the person for the purpose of arousing or gratifying sexual desire. While some sadomasochistic assault falls into that pattern, other practices involve no contact with "intimate" parts even though gratifying sexual desire is the objective. Further, the prosecutor is always free to charge the defendant with simple or aggravated assault, even if sexual assault would also apply to the facts of the case, and no prosecutor has yet chosen to charge sadomasochistic practitioners with sexual assault so as to give them the opportunity to raise consent as a defense. MODEL PENAL CODE section 213.4 (1980).

2. MODEL PENAL CODE section 210.0 (3) (1980).
3. PAUL H. ROBINSON, CRIMINAL LAW DEFENSES 520 (1984 suppl 1995).
4. La.Rev.Stat. Ann. Section 14.35 (simple battery).
5. *State v. Fransua*, 85 N.M. 173, 510 P.2d 106, 58 A.L.R.3d 656 (1973).
6. *People v. Samuels*, 250 Cal.App.2D 501, 58 Cal.Rptr. 439 (1967).
7. The supposed lack of sanity of the victim could go unchallenged, because the basis for the conviction was a film made by the defendant. The bottom had not even been identified at the time of trial, much less located and brought to court.
8. DIAGNOSTIC AND STATISTICAL MANUAL 529-530 (American Psychiatric Association, 4 ed. 1994).
9. Examples of clinically significant distress or impairment include the induction of sexual disfunction or the need for the participation of nonconsenting individuals *Id.* at 525.
10. *Morris v. Miller*, 83 Neb. 218, 119 N.W. 458 (1909); *Archer v. Burton*, 91 Mich.App. 57, 282 N.W.2d 833 (1979); *State v. Roby*, 83 Vt. 121, 74 A. 638 (1909); *State v. Collier, infra*, *Banovitch v. Comm.* 196 Va. 210, 83 S.E.2d 369 (1954); *People v. Samuels, supra*, *State v. Brown, supra*, *Barholt v. Wright*, 45 Ohio St. 177, 12 N.E. 185 (1887), *State v. Richards*, 123 Wis.2d 1, 365 N.W.2d 7 (1985); *Comm. v. Appleby, infra*, *State v. Fransua, supra*, *Lyons v. State*, 437 So.2d 711 (Fla. 1983); *Jaske v. State*, 539 N.E.2d 14 (Ind. 1989); *People ex. rel. Burke v. Steinberg*, 190 Misc 413, 73 N.Y.S.2d 475 (1947); *Comm. v. Shrodes*, 354 Pa. 70, 46 A.2d 483 (1946); *Taylor v. State*, 214 Md. 156, 133 A.2d 414, 65 A.L.R.2d 740 (1957); *Wright v. Starr*, 42 Nev. 441, 179 P. 877, 6 A.L.R. 981 (1919); *Ramey v. State*, 203 Ga. App. 650, 417 S.E.2d 599 (1992).
11. *State v. Brown*, 143 N.J. Super 571, 574, 364 A.2d 27, 29 (1976) citing Hughes, Criminal Law — Defense of Consent — Test to be Applied, 33 Can.B.Rev. 88, 92 (1955).
12. *Yanvactor v. State*, 113 Ind. 276, 15 N.E. 341 (Sup.Ct. 1888).
13. *State v. Beck*, 19 S.Car.L. 363 (1833).
14. *State v. Brown*, 143 N.J. Super at 578, 364 A.2d at 32.
15. *Commonwealth v. Appleby*, 380 M.A. 296, 402 N.E.2d 1051 (1980).
16. *Id.* It is interesting to note that the jury found there to be sufficient evidence to support the finding that a riding crop was a deadly weapon, but did not find enough evidence to convict Appleby for two earlier episodes, one of which required a trip to the hospital to care for the injuries that Appleby inflicted on his partner.
17. *Balthazar v. Superior Court*, 573 F.2d 689, 701 (1st Cir. 1978).
18. *State v. Collier*, 372 N.W.2d 303 (Iowa App. 1985).
19. IOWA Code Ann. Section 708.1 (West 1979).
20. *People v. Samuels, supra*, *Comm. v. Appleby, supra* and *State v. Brown, supra*.
21. 1986 WL 8917 (Ohio App. 1986).



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A picture that *says* something. (Not
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Enter Today!

"The decision of the judges is final!" --
But, who are the judges?

We are. (It's our magazine so
what we say goes, right?
Not exactly!)

In case you're wondering, what do
whipmakers think they know
about photography?

Mitch Kessler is a graduate of the
Germane School of Photography in
New York. Mitch was a photographic
Artist in Residence at Hofstra
University on Long Island. He had a

photography and photo processing
business before devoting his time and
energy to whips and paddles and
straps and things.

Gerrie Blum grew up in her father's
photography business and studio in
New York City. Jovega Studios was a
pioneer in home portraiture and can-
did weddings after World War II.
Gerrie worked in the black and white
darkroom and as a photographer for
her father, while she was a student at
Hunter College.

Later she worked in photojournalism
for weekly newspapers, in Rockland
County and later in New York City,
before meeting Mitch and joining him
in making whips and

So, we will try to be fair and
impartial in our judging. Each
issue will have its own comple-
ment of entries. Which means, that
if you don't win the first time, by
all means, enter another photo
next time.

Yes, I want to enter The SandMUtopian Guardian Photo Contest.

Enclosed is a photo I took. These are some interesting details about how it came to be:

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State/Province _____ ZIP/Postal Code _____

Country _____ Phone _____

I agree to the terms of the contest.

Signature: _____

THE CLASSIFIEDS - Our Subscribers' Market

The *Sandmutopian Guardian* invites our subscribers to "take advantage of us," and place an ad here. If you have any goods or services that you want other *Guardian* readers to know about, such as some excess S/M gear that you may have "outgrown" or craftwork that you make yourself whether scene- or nonscene-related.

As a matter of policy, we do not accept *display* advertising from X-rated video distributors, phone sex companies, or houses of domination. But in this section, the guidelines are more relaxed: we *will* publish ads from subscribers who are scene professionals, and from X-rated video sources and phone sex services, within the same line limits as other subscriber/advertisers. However, we will *not* knowingly accept advertising for goods or services that are illegal.

Of course, this is also the area for Personal Ads. But you must supply your own post office box or mail drop. We do not have the facilities or the staff to do mail forwarding at this time. (For a limited time, readers may respond to old SG "boxes", and forwarding will continue until the ad expires.)

Rates: \$2.50 per line, for personal and one-time for-sale ads, \$5/line for commercial ads (30 characters per line, including spaces), minimum 4 lines, maximum 8 lines, plus bold, all caps headline, payable when copy is sent, and before publication. Multi-insertions qualify for a 10% discount on 4 insertions (1 year). We *do* accept Master Card and (Lady) Visa, as well as Discover for FAX orders. Of course, checks, money orders, and cash if you dare, are always in order. No phone orders, please. We want to be sure that the copy is accurate and that we have your ID information and signature in writing. All personal information will remain confidential with us.

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seeks submissive SF, any race. Your limits respected. You will be used, but not used up. Photo & phone. SG-8486

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BLACK LEATHER AND HARLEYS

and boots, breeches, whips, SM, foreign travel & music are my life. Seasoned, artistic, sensitive, affluent Top, seeks trim, vigorous, eager female bottom who shares my loves. Let's correspond, meet, form relationship. SG-9859

OHIO AREA

Sincere, SWM, 26 YO, 6'3", into bondage, seeking fun, girlfriend into same. Also enjoy mysteries, films, art. Send letter. SG-9916

BEST FRIEND & LOVER SOUGHT

SWM, early 20's, Missouri-St. Louis to Cape Girardeau. Some experience, want to explore, arouse and inspire you. I won't run from Miss Right. Let me trace a pale rose on your blushed bottom and give you mine in return. Write me. SG-9917

SOUTHERN LEATHER DYKES

Novice switch is interested in exploring equal exchange of power through SM, DD. TX. (OK, AR, or LA please state.) SG-9860

NOVICE MASTER SEEKS SLAVE

Long Island-NYC area. SWM, 42, professional, seeks submissive

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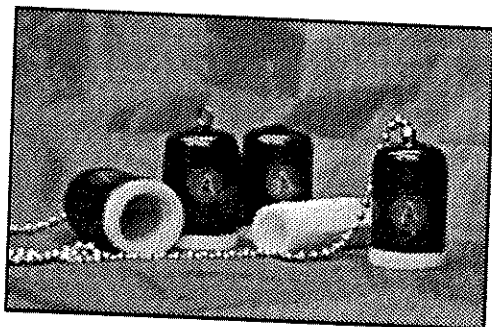
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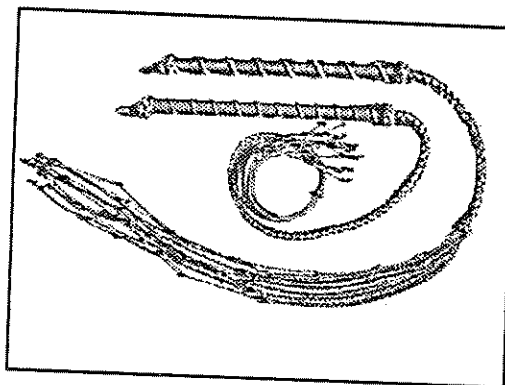
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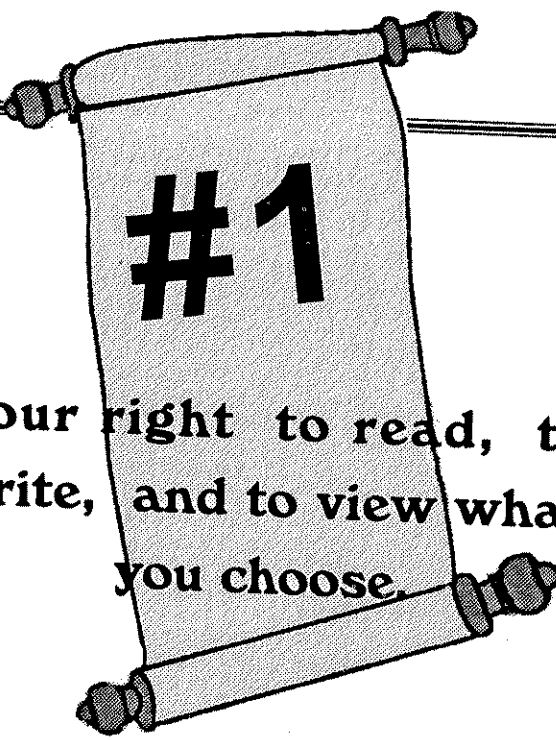
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